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THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day. [Deut. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down, from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallow'd spot;
For beasts and birds have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place
(With costly marble drest)
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted Poet
That ever breath'd a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, most wondrous thought,
Before the Judgment Day;
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With th' Incarnate Son of God.

Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land!
Oh, dark Bethpeor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Original Novelet.

THE LOST OF THE WILDERNESS;

A Tale of New England Before the Pilgrims

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE FRENCHMAN.

To be awakened from a comfortable slumber by the misdirected stroke of a dagger aimed at his heart; to be compelled thereafter to fight for life against four stalwart pirates; and finally to plunge headlong into the ocean, grasping the throat of an assassin—are experiences well calculated to dampen the energy of any man; and therefore the French passenger of the brigantine, when he rose from under the water where he had sunk with Lopez the Spaniard, was, as may be imagined, in no comfortable frame of mind. Nevertheless, it behooved him to strike out for immediate safety, and though the night was dark as Erebus, and neither the brigantine could be seen nor the pirate whom he had grappled with, the brave man swam lustily for a few moments, and then, becoming somewhat freed from his bewilderment, floated for a few moments upon his back, reflecting on his novel situation.

The Frenchman was not unused to adventure, nor, as he had assured Captain Pierre, unacquainted with hardships; yet the predicament in which he now discovered himself, decidedly transcended in interest all his previous experiences. But at the moment he was debating the chances of his surviving long enough afloat to become a living meal for the sharks that infested those latitudes, the sudden contact of his limbs with a floating object startled his thoughts, and striking out his hands, he immediately felt a fragment of wood, which he at once concluded was a piece of the taffrail which in breaking, had precipitated himself and the Spaniard into the ocean. And moreover, scarcely had he grappled with what promised to assist him to sustain himself, than he heard a feeble voice near him cry—

"St. Dominic preserve me! it is he!"

"Hah!" cried the Frenchman, "is this my caitiff and [illegible]unist? Truly, we are both at even chances for life. Ho, friend—art not drowned yet?"

"Mercy!" gasped the trembling voice of Lopez, [illegible]ng through the darkness in the ear of his intended victim; for so dense was the black fog [illegible]nveloped the sea, that the two men, though [illegible] to extremities of the same fragment of taf[illegible]re yet unable to discern one another—"we [illegible]—we must drown!"

"[illegible] for yourself, my good fellow," returned [illegible]man. "For my part, I intend to live as long as I can, and so I shall stick to this bit of wood, advising you to do the same."

"Do you forgive me?" gasped the wretched Spaniard—"are you not about to cast me from this frail support?"

"I have as much as I can do, good fellow, to keep my own grasp, without troubling myself about casting off a fellow creature. There is support for both, as it chances, so I counsel you to hold on fast."

"St. Dominic reward you!" murmured the Spaniard. "But—alas! I see no way of escape!"

"Truly, one must have better eyes than mine to see at all," said the other man. "Nevertheless, morning cannot be far away, and meantime we are in no great peril, the sea being so calm. Therefore, say your prayers, good fellow, and ask your St. Dominic to forgive you for the grievous crime that you would have perpetrated."

Lopez groaned, and presently began to implore the mercy of all the saints in his calendar, at the same time venting not a few maledictions upon Captain Pierre, whom he charged with all the responsibility of his own sins. But the Frenchman gave little heed to the wretch's abjurations, being himself intently watching for the streaks of day, which at length began to dissipate the mist that shrouded the ocean. At first, indeed, he could distinguish nothing, save the sea, but as the dull, gray light broadened by degrees above the gazer's vision, he could discern the outlines of a shore at the leeward, to which apparently the taffrail was drifting. At the same time the Frenchman's regards fell upon the face of Lopez the Spaniard, now revealed in the dim atmosphere, as he clung at the other end of the fragment of wood. It was ghastly and fear-stricken, and the fixed eyes almost glared in returning the look they met.

"Well, comrade! what think you now of our chances?" cried the Frenchman, in a cheery tone, willing, if possible, to raise the spirits of his wretched fellow-sufferer. "Mark you yon land, to which we drift fast? God's mercy has preserved us both, and it is meet that we should be grateful?"

"Mercy!" muttered Lopez, in a despairing voice. "God's mercy is not for the Jonah. But you, Monsieur, whom I would fain have slain—do you pardon me in truth?"

"As freely as I trust in pardon myself for manifold transgressions," answered the Frenchman. "But now, lest the sea may speedily ebb from the land, and thus bear us away, I pray you strike out lustily, and let us swim together, pushing this taffrail withal. Thus shortly shall we reach the shore and be safe."

"Heaven help me! I fear I shall ne'er put foot on shore again," groaned the Spaniard. "Neither can I strike out nor swim, for strength nor skill have I in the water. St. Dominic be my witness, I can but hold fast to the wood."

"Hold fast, then, in God's name!" answered the Frenchman—"I will strive if mine own limbs can force forward both you and the taffrail."

So saying, the bold swimmer, resting but his hands on the fragment of wood, struck lustily with his feet against the waves, urging the taffrail forward toward the shore, in order to reach it ere the tide should turn, and thus make landing difficult, perhaps, indeed, sweep them away in a different direction. Lopez, meanwhile, hung a dead weight upon the frail boards, his cramped fingers clasped together, and his arm wound about a loop of tarred rope that was fast to the taffrail. Thus gradually, by dint of the Frenchman's exertions assisting the drift, they approached the land, which appeared to be a small island, until the white sands of the shore could be plainly discerned gleaming through the transparent waves. Already the swimmer had slackened his efforts, sure that the goal would be easily attained, already the despairing eyes of Lopez began to assume a more life-like gleam, when suddenly, immediately from the bright sands beneath, arose the form of an enormous ground-shark, which, turning as it ascended, presented to view its white belly, which flashed like silver in the clear waters.

The ground-shark infesting the tropical seas, is the deadliest of its kind, being poisonous as well as ferocious, and, unlike the more timid follower of ships, cannot be frightened away by blows or splashing of the waves. So soon as this dreadful fish became visible, the Frenchman, as he swam, cried loudly to his companion—

"A shark! have a care! leave the wood and make for the shore!"

And then, with a generous thought to save the Spaniard, he turned the taffrail about, so that Lopez was near the sands, and might speedily scramble into shoal water. But Heaven had ordained that the wretch should perish, as he expected, before reaching the land; for he persisted in clinging to the rope and wood, as it were, fearing to make an effort to gain the shallow water, which seeing, and being anxious to save his own life, the Frenchman no longer held to the boards, but struck off himself, and presently reached the shore. Then, casting his eyes about, as he sank upon his knees, he beheld the spectacle he feared to encounter—an agonized face appearing a moment beside the taffrail, then another wild leap upwards of the Spaniard's mangled body, as the teeth of the shark cut him in twain, his life blood gushing on the waters, which it discolored even to the pebbly beach. And this was the end of Lopez, the Spaniard, who had been spared from the ocean, only to meet a doom more fearful, in punishment of his wicked life.

Of a surety, the Frenchman felt unbounded gratitude to the gracious Providence which had preserved him from the fate of his late companion.

"See, now," he murmured, after kneeling for some time in prayer upon the shore, "behold, now, how inscrutable are the mercies of Almighty Wisdom! Had not yon taffrail become broken off, in my struggle on board the brigantine, we had not fallen into the deep, it is true, but I should assuredly have been slain by those desperadoes who sought my life. Then, had not the wretch grasped the wood, and thus floated it, unknowingly, near where I swam, peradventure I had soon become exhausted, and sunk in the sea! And now, at the last, I am saved by the sacrifice of this unhappy man; for it is plain that the fish would have made a meal of me, had not the other been there! Truly wondrous are Thy ways, oh, Lord!"

Thus the Frenchman communed with his own thoughts, as he walked along the beach, from which the tide was now ebbing, as he had expected, leaving bare the white sands where had so lately lain in ambush the deadly ground-shark. But what was his surprise and joy to discover, just as the morning sun had partly broken over the ocean, irradiating every object, that a large ship was in sight, apparently standing in full sail toward the island.

This joyful sight renewed the prayers and thanksgivings of the Frenchman, who impatiently ran back and forth upon the shore, displaying a flag which he made with his torn doublet and laced shirt, and shouting at the top of his lungs, so soon as he deemed the vessel to be within hailing distance. And presently he became aware that his presence upon the island had been discovered, for the mariners of the great ship ran aloft, and hauled her sails aback, causing her to round to, opposite the point where the castaway had landed, soon after which a boat was seen to leave her sides, and shape its course for the beach. And in a little longer time, much to his satisfaction, the Frenchman trod the decks of a first-class galleon of England, bound homeward from the New World with a cargo of fish and beaver skins, in all near a thousand pounds' weight, and of great value. To the master of this galleon the Frenchman made known his wonderful deliverance from the pirates, as well as out of the hazards of sea and ferocious fish, and from the English mariner he received all friendly consolation and assurance of future safety, and presently stipulated with the worthy captain to carry him passenger to a port in Britain. For it may be here observed that the Frenchman, though so unceremoniously disturbed and drawn forth into the ocean from his quiet bed, was far from being destitute now of means wherewith to bargain for his voyage to England; since, closely sewn in the girdle which he wore beneath his doublet, were store of diamonds and other precious stones, worth even more than the strong box which he had left on board the brigantine. These valuables, however, the Frenchman still concealed, only bargaining with the English master to reward him for his kindness when the ship should arrive at her destined port.

At this port, in time, the galleon arrived, after encountering many buffetings from winds and waves, all which, however, seemed as nought to the Frenchman, so fraught with thankfulness was he for the mercies which had been so freely bestowed upon him. And when he had once more set foot on land, and generously remunerated the master for all the attentions shown him on the passage, his first care was to renew his prayers of gratitude to Heaven at a religious shrine; after which he went about among the smaller shipping, in order to engage some craft wherein he might immediately set out for his native France.

"For since I have been preserved through many years of hardship, and escaped divers perils, so that I now return with store of this world's goods, obtained by lawful toil and profit, it now appeareth to me that Heaven, in its goodness, hath determined on my future happiness, and union with my dearest family! I will hasten, therefore, to lovely France, trusting still in the good God who has ever been my support."

Thus the pious Frenchman talked to himself, as he bought among the mariners for one that could convey him betimes to France. But what was his surprise, as he stood upon one of the quays, to be greeted in his native language by a dark-looking man, clad in sailor's garb, who came toward him with an air at once dignified and deferential, and removing his coarse hat disclosed a face which he fancied familiar, yet could not immediately recal to memory.

"The white chief does not remember the poor Indian. But the Indian never forgets his friend!"

These words at once brought to the Frenchman's recollection the scene upon the shore at the Havanna, when he had purchased a red man from the brutal Captain Pierre, and given him to the protection of an English merchant captain.

"Ah—I now remember you well!—and your worthy master! where is he?"

"Tisquontam has no master! The white chief is his friend!" returned the red man proudly, as turning he made way for the merchant-skipper of the Havanna, who now approached, and grasped the Frenchman's hand.

In a few moments the latter related to the Englishman all that he had endured since parting from him in the New World, and in return was informed that the Indian Tisquontam had proved himself a very valuable acquisition to the ship's company, and had won the good wishes of all the crew. He was not considered as a servant or slave, the customs of England repudiating the latter condition, at least at home, and the native dignity of the red man making it impossible for a noble mind to treat him otherwise than with respect. Tisquontam, indeed, bore himself with much freedom and discretion withal, and endeavored in every manner to testify his gratitude to the Frenchman who had befriended him.

"The white chief," he said, alluding to the merchant-captain, "will soon take Tisquontam back to his hunting-grounds, to the lodge where his daughter mourns her lost father. There Tisquontam will remember his French brother, and Monoma shall pray for the chief who rescued her father from the manstealer!"

"I am glad that my red brother remembers his friend," answered the Frenchman. "Let him wear this to his lodge, and present it to his young squaw."

Saying this he took a ring of plain gold from his finger, and placed it in the red man's hand.

Tisquontam's noble features were agitated with his emotion. He seized the hand of his friend, and raised it to his lips. Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he thrust his hand into his bosom and drew forth a small golden cross. It was the token which Marie de Luzerne had given him to bear to her brother on the morning of that unhappy day when he had been kidnapped by the ruffian Creole.

"Here," cried the Indian, "Tisquontam has nought but this. He will tell the white-bird that he gave it to a chief of her nation, his friend and brother, and she will—"

But the red-man paused in sudden alarm as his glance rested upon the face of the Frenchman, who had seized the cross and was holding it extended at arm's length, his eyes fixed upon the cipher which, as we have before noticed, was engraven upon the small relic that Marie had inherited from her departed mother.

A great change had come over the Frenchman's face. His cheek grew flushed and pale by turns, his bosom heaved, and all his limbs were agitated as with violent internal emotion. Thus he remained for a few moments, all the while regarding the cross which he held, and then clasping his hands wildly together, exclaimed passionately,

"'Tis hers—'tis hers!"

"The white-bird—Marie!" cried the Indian, as if intuitively following the others thoughts.

"Ay! Marie!—Marie! Whence came this cross? Long years ago I gave it to my lost wife. How find I it in the hands of an Indian? Speak! Tisquontam! who and what are you? How came you by this relic?"

Then gravely and with minute accuracy the Indian related all the circumstances connected with his possession of the cross—the fearful wreck of the emigrant ship—the massacre and captivity of its survivors—his rescue of Marie de Luzerne, and the subsequent adventure through which he had been deprived of his own liberty. The Frenchman listened, his every faculty transfixed with astonishment, till Tisquontam concluded the recital. Then, falling on his knees, and raising his hands, which still clasped the golden cross, he acknowledged anew the wonderful power and benevolence of the Almighty Ruler of human events.

"Oh, Father of mercies!" he cried, "I thank Thee for this new work of Thy watchful providence—Thy protecting wisdom! Behold! through this savage, whom I but kindly entreated in a small thing, Thou hast chosen to manifest Thy love, and to reveal to me the fate of those dearer to me than life! Oh, Holy one, I thank Thee for all Thy wonderful kindness, and may all my future life be witness to Thy praises!"

It was indeed the Sieur de la Luzerne, the long-absent father of Louis and Marie, who had returned to the Old World, enriched, but yet weighed down with solicitude concerning the fate of his family, from whom he had been parted for so many years. His sentence of banishment, after having doomed him to an unjust expatriation from France, during the prime of his life, had at last been reversed by the successor of the monarch whose misjudging severity had inflicted it, and the Sieur Luzerne hastened at once his return to his native land, to seek out, if they were still living, the objects of his affection. But, alas! ill-fated would have been his quest, disappointed his hopes, had not the chance meeting with Tisquontam at the Havanna and in England, revealed to him what no other than the Indian could have told—the fate and abiding place of his orphaned children. Reason indeed had the returned exile to be thankful for Heaven's kindness, and cause enough to admire that wonder-working Providence which had permitted the Iroquois to be torn from his daughter and his home, in order that through his instrumentality another sundered family might be reunited. Tisquontam and the English captain, as well as Luzerne, joined in acknowledgment of the Divine Power, and together, with solemn steps, wended their way to the British galleon which was soon to sail again for the Colonies, and in which the French exile resolved at once to return in search of his beloved children.

And it was not long before, with the Iroquois at his side, the Sieur de la Luzerne stood upon the gallery of the English ship, and bade adieu to the white shores of Albion's sea-girt isle, as the vessel clove her way once more across the wide Atlantic.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTAIN PIERRE AND THE AVENGER.

In the deep darkness that succeeded the stroke of the hurricane, two stalwart forms arose in the boiling surf, and unseen by each other, breasted the billows, as they struck vigorously for the shore. These were Mattakan, the Pequod, and the Creole, Captain Pierre. They saw not one another, for the immense cloud which followed the hurricane's devastating track, bowed down over the waters and land in an impervious bank of fog.

Nevertheless, though appalled at the terrible manifestation of nature's power that had interrupted his work of vengeance, Mattakan, the Pequod, plied his strong limbs in the effort to keep afloat, though his eyes were blinded by tossing spray, and his ears stunned by the roar around him, mingled with terrific noises from the land to which he sought to swim—the crack of whole forests snapping like reeds before the ponderous force of the typhoon.

He reached at length a point of elevated earth, that once had marked the extremity of the river's banks; but in vain did the chief now search for a landing-place. Water was all around and before him—water, black and gloomy as the grave, and stretched far on either side. Mattakan then knew that the river had overflown its boundaries, inundating the forests and fields.

But the quick instinct of his savage nature taught him the course of safety. He struck boldly forward, till his laboring arms encountered the trunk of a half-submerged tree, and then, lifting himself upward, he ascended to the swaying branches, where, securing a fastening, he rested for a space in security.

Nevertheless, though preserved, the dull hours of darkness succeeding the crisis of the typhoon, seemed moons of agony to the red man. His enemy had been wrested from him in the moment of their meeting—when revenge seemed in his grasp, and the power which had checked his will was that of the Manitou himself. Mattakan dared not murmur, but with savage stoicism awaited the dawning of day.

Soon the heavy mists parted, rolling seaward, whilst a dull yellow light glimmered from the eastern horizon across the swollen river's turbid bosom. Mattakan, straining his eyes, essayed to scan the scene. The waves were still seething like a caldron, and far as the Indian's gaze could pierce, it could discover none of the ancient landmarks of the stream. Bank, rock, and jutting point had vanished, the wide waters submerging all, the trunks and lower boughs of the tallest forest trees having disappeared beneath their surface. Mattakan knew that the river must have risen a score of feet, and the traditions of his fathers, telling of an ancient deluge, swept solemnly through his mind.

Thus the morning hours passed on, and the dull yellow dawning gave place to a dismal red, as the noon crept on apace. Still, however, the waters remained unchanged, and the Pequod knew that many days must elapse ere the river courses should subside to their wonted level. At length, when the red fog had faded again to yellow, and the yellow deepened into brown, Mattakan became aware that his enemy was once more at hand. But still naught met his glance as it traversed the troubled stream and the dim ocean beyond, save floating trunks of trees, and large logs drifting wildly into the gloom. Not a sign of life greeted him—no solitary bird flapped its wings on the heavy air. His comrades had been swept on the hurricane's wings to the Indian's eternal hunting-grounds.

At times, indeed, Mattakan heard a prolonged howl upon the stream, and for a moment beheld where a wild wolf or panther breasted the wave, as it bore him away to the sea. But no human cry broke the air, and as darkness approached, the Indian left his hold of the tree where he had found refuge, and struck out from trunk to trunk, along the river's margin, until he should reach a hill or rising ground which the waters had not covered; for he dreaded lest another morn might find his power weakened by famine and exposure, so that he could no more gain the uplands.

Slowly the evening shadows settled upon the broad stream, while the Pequod swam on, pausing at intervals, to rest in the branches of some tree, and then pushing more vigorously forward. At length he gained an abrupt bend where the river swept inland among the deep woods, forming a narrow, sheltered creek, where, in natural seasons, the banks towered bluffly above the water. Striking this point, Mattakan beheld, greatly to his relief, that a portion of the land was yet visible above the waves, though submerged trees were just below it. And here, by the dim light that yet assisted his vision, the Pequod recognized another object—the hull of the white man's ship, from whose decks he had been borne by the hurricane' blast, and which he believed sunk in the channel or driven shattered to sea.

Secure upon the rising ground, which here shelved suddenly, the brigantine now lay, her masts broken, and sails and rigging half consumed by fire, but, save a few strained timbers and rended planks, otherwise free from damage. She had been driven ashore, and stranded upon the bluff, with the edge of which the river was now just level.

The Pequod's keen glance explored in an instant everything within its range, and noticed, what a white man might have passed unheeded, that there were signs of life about the vessel. Hastily plunging beneath the water's surface, he swam silently past the dismantled shallop, and gaining a clump of trees which commanded a view of her decks, concealed himself among the leaves, patiently awaiting the setting in of night.

The shades deepened. Sky, forest, and water darkened into indistinctness, but the Pequod's watchful eye was fixed upon the brigantine, till at length it marked a filmy smoke mingling with the gloom above her decks, and then a sudden light gleaming through the window of the round-house. No human form appeared, yet Mattakan knew that some living being was there, and cautiously leaving his hiding-place, he swam to the bluff, and noiselessly climbed his way to the vessel's deck. All was still as the grave, but the rays of light glimmering from the round-house, guided the Indian's progress, as with wild-cat stealthiness, he crawled along the slippery planks, and at length reached the gallery, close beside the half-open door of the cabin, where, shrouded in the darkness, he crouched low, and peered forward. What did Mattakan behold?

The murderer of his wife was there—the Creole, Captain Pierre; and he slept.

The rover and his enemy the Pequod, were the sole survivors of that terrible tempest. Their companions, white and red, had perished in the swollen waters, and only the two foes now met once more upon the decks of that fated bark.

Still the rover slept. An iron lamp burned on the table before him, and near it the Creole leaned, resting upon his folded arms, overpowered by the fatigues and perils of the day. His pistols, primed and loaded, lay beside the lamp.

Mattakan cautiously drew nearer to the door of the round-house, and at last entered. Still the Creole remained motionless, and the Pequod crept on until he reached the table, and stretching out his hand, seized the firearms of his white enemy.

Now indeed was the slayer of his wife within the red man's power. The murderer of Outesie was defenceless before him. He remembered his wife and child, and their grave beneath the oak tree, on the borders of his native waters, and raising the deadly weapon which he had grasped in his right hand, he pointed it at the white man's heart. But Mattakan could not slay a sleeping foe.

He struck the table with the iron muzzle of the pistol, and pealed at the same instant the war-whoop of his race. Terribly rang that yell upon the still night air, and was answered by the alarmed voice of Captain Pierre, startled from his slumber. The rover sprang to his feet, and beheld his pistols in the hands of a red man. He saw before him the Sanop of the Dead, and heard one ominous word uttered by the Indian's lips—

"Outesie!"

Then the rover's bold cheek grew ghastly pale, and he rolled his blood-shot eyes around the cabin, in the vain hope of escape. But still his craft did not forsake him. He knew something of the Indian language, as well as character, and at once essayed to parley.

"Is my red brother a warrior?" demanded he, in the dialect used by Northern tribes.

"Outesie!" was the sullen response of the chief.

"I am not armed," continued Captain Pierre. "Will the brave slay a chained buffalo?"

"Mattakan will not slay his chained enemy!"

"Then let us fight with knives," said the Creole.

"The pale-face shall have a knife! Let him be armed."

"Be it so: we will then be even," said the rover. And stepping back as he spoke, while the crafty Pequod still held the pistol levelled at his enemy's heart, he threw open a small closet at the side of the round-house. Within this closet, or locker, were divers arms ranged upon a shelf, and on the floor beneath, an iron bound keg, the lid of which had fallen off and disclosed its contents. Mattakan shuddered as he recognized in the open keg the white man's thunder-seed—the terrible gunpowder of the pale-faces. But his inflexible Indian visage exhibited no trace of what he observed. His eye calmly surveyed the Creole, who had grasped a brace of hunting knives.

"Now I will fight the red chief!" cried Captain Pierre, as he extended one of the bright blades to Mattakan, who received it but with one response—"Outesie," and then flung the pistols which he held upon the deck behind him.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Captain Pierre, who had rightly reckoned on this magnanimous action of the red warrior; and then, quick as thought, he grasped a carbine which stood loaded within reach of his hand, and, springing back, levelled it at the Pequod's breast.

The white man's treachery had outwitted the simple Indian, and the Creole's mirth rang loud in anticipated triumph. But Mattakan was cunning, and desperate as his foe.

For scarcely had the rover's laughter marked his sudden possession of the carbine, than the Pequod's hand was thrust forward and grasped the iron lamp which burned upon the table. Captain Pierre divined his purpose, and snapped the trigger of the deadly weapon which he held, but it was too late. The red man had hurled the burning lamp into the midst of the black powder that had caught his quick eye.

Then followed a bright flash, a crash, and the rocking swell of crushed timbers. And then, fast and thick, upon the startled waters, the hill beyond, and the half sunken trees, fell down the fragments of destruction. Fragments of the doomed brigantine rose into the gloomy air—then pattered on the river's face in terrible hail.

And when the bright sun arose on the ensuing morn, gilding the turbid Connecticut, and when its noontide beams wandered over the river's mouth, and when the still smaller waves rolled darkly under another midnight, a dark mass was borne out to the ocean.

Amid the fragments of spars and planks and cordage—amid huge trunks of trees and broken branches—floated from the silent river the mangled remains of two men, blackened and mutilated and scorched by fire, yet in death they seemed to clutch each other and interlock their limbs. They were Mattakan, the Sanop of the Dead, and his enemy, Captain Pierre.

And thus, in the morning, and the noon, and the midnight, these two foemen floated to the great dark ocean. The Pequod had avenged his Outesie.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

☞ Books.—It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are within the reach of all. In the best books great men talk with us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books.—*Channing.*

THE SIMPLE TRUTH.

What power there is in the simple truth! What a solid respectability invests the character of a man whose words are known to be the literal transcript of his mind! How small and despicable in his calm presence appear the artifices of the Jesuit, the tricks of the humbug, the non-committalism of the politician! The simple truth—without exaggeration, without concealment—how beautiful it is, and how strong!

There is a prevalent feeling in the world that the simple truth is not to be spoken. "Children and fools speak truth," says a current proverb. We attribute this feeling to the corruption of the ruling classes throughout Christendom for the last century. They have held a false position in the world, and have tried to maintain themselves in their places by diplomacy and lies. Napoleon Bonaparte was an unscrupulous liar. His bulletins were almost always a tissue of theatrical semi-falsehoods; and his minister Talleyrand was, and is, another name for polished subterfuge. In our own country what is politics but wire pulling? and what is wire pulling but the art of plausible misrepresentation? Thus the simple truth has fallen into disrepute. Thus the successful liar has come to be applauded for his ingenuity, instead of being execrated for his baseness and despised for his littleness. Thus the dignity and power of perfect sincerity have been obscured and forgotten.

We have been reading the Washington Papers lately, and any one who wishes to understand the character of George Washington must read those papers. His character is therein depicted unconsciously by himself, and no puffing biographer comes in with his windy paragraphs to disturb the reader's reflections. The impression they leave on the reader's mind is, that the secret of Washington's power lay in his simple, absolute, and impregnable integrity. His mental operations were slow. He was no talker, no "thinker," no writer. He was not a man of books, nor of ideas. He never said a great word, nor even what is called a "good thing." He was a plain, methodical, prudent, painstaking man, without brilliancy of any kind. But he was known to be perfectly reliable, incapable of artifice, incorruptibly honest, and unfalteringly faithful to every trust. His words were the words of simple truth. His acts were the acts of an honest man. He feared death not at all, but he feared dishonor with an infinite fear. He had not a millionth part of Napoleon's talent; but by virtue of his single-mindedness and instinctive love of truth, he was a million times superior to Napoleon. His life was a triumph. Napoleon's was a failure. His career was like the career of the sun, beautiful in the morning, powerful at noon, glorious and serene in the evening, sinking majestically to repose, followed by the admiration of a continent. Napoleon's career was volcanic and destructive, and at the end there was merely the fume and glare of a volcano which is spent.

These are all trite sayings. But the best truths are trite, and therefore are the less likely to be uttered. But our young men need to be reminded that honesty is power, and that sincerity is safe and wise. Humbug does not pay. Humbug is not necessary. Appearances, we know, are against these assertions, but appearances are deceptive. That man alone has a sure ground of prosperity who is in a way to render the public a service which is genuine, and whose words never create expectations which his actions do not satisfy. If any one replies, that most business men practice some deception, our answer is, that most business men fail! We believe they fail because they practice deception, and that a general return to truth and honesty would give to business that stability and safety the want of which now causes such agonies of anxiety.

We believe in the might of the simple truth. It is the strongest thing under the sun. It outdoes talent, and outlasts it. It is precious, it is beautiful, it is high, it is great. Nothing can atone for the want of it. Nothing is powerful enough to overthrow it. It makes the lowliest man heroic. The absence of it renders the most richly endowed man despicable. Happily for mankind, few men can be brilliant. Happily for mankind, all men can be honest in word and deed.—*Life Illustrated.*

MINSTER LOVEL.

I find the following strange tale relating to Minster Lovel, the old seat of the Viscounts Lovel, in Oxfordshire, in the Monthly Magazine for April, 1812, p. 220:—"Francis, the last lord of this family, and Chamberlain to King Richard the Third, was one of the noblemen who raised an army in the beginning of the reign of Henry the Seventh, under the command of the Earl of Lincoln, to support the pretensions of the impostor Lambert Simnel against that monarch. The decisive battle which gave security to Henry's usurpation, was fought near the village of Stoke, on the banks of the river Trent, in Nottinghamshire. The slaughter of the insurgent army was immense, especially among the officers, an uncommon proportion of whom were slain. The Lord Lovel, however, escaped by swimming his horse across the river, and retiring by unfrequented roads well known to him into Oxfordshire. As the story proceeds, he took care to arrive at the gates of his castle in the dead of night; and so disguised as to be known to no one except a single domestic, on whose fidelity he could rely. Before the return of day, he retired to a subterranean recess, of which the faithful servant retained the key, and here he remained for several months in safety and concealment; but the estates being seized by the king's orders, the castle dismantled, and the inhabitants dispersed by authority, some in confinement, and others to great distances, the unfortunate prisoner was left to perish from hunger in the place of his voluntary imprisonment. So late as in the last century, when the small remains of this once stately edifice were pulled down in order to make use of the materials, the vault was discovered, and the unfortunate nobleman in it, seated in a chair as he had died. So completely had the external air been excluded by rubbish, at the time of dismantling the building, that his apparel, which was gorgeous in the extreme, and a prayer-book lying before him upon a table, were discovered entire. On the free admission of the air, it was said the whole crumbled into dust; but it is not improbable the sanctuary was considerably profaned by the rude hands of the person who discovered it, either from ignorance or curiosity." It may not be uninteresting here to quote what Bacon says concerning the fate of Lord Lovel, in his "History of King Henry VII."—"Of the Lord Lovel there went a report, that he fled and swam over Trent on horseback, but could not recover the farther side by reason of the steepness of the bank, and so was drowned in the river. But another report leaves him not there, but that he lived long after in a cave or vault." It is almost unnecessary to remark, that if the second of these reports were true, the fact is just such a one as would naturally have arisen while the truth was unsuspected.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, not paid in advance. For $3, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies; - - - - - - - - -	$5,00 a year.	
9 " (and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00	"
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club and at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

The indications are very strong, as we go to press, in advance of the decision of the Republican National Convention, that that body, in conjunction with the Northern Americans, will finally settle upon Col. John C. Fremont, of South Carolina and California, as their candidate for the Presidency. In order to allow our readers to cipher out for themselves the probable issue of the coming contest, we subjoin the following table of the electoral votes to which the States are respectively entitled:—

SIXTEEN FREE STATES.		FIFTEEN SLAVE STATES	
Maine	8	Delaware	3
New Hampshire	5	Maryland	8
Vermont	5	Virginia	15
Massachusetts	13	North Carolina	10
Rhode Island	4	South Carolina	8
Connecticut	6	Georgia	10
New York	35	Florida	3
New Jersey	7	Alabama	9
Pennsylvania	27	Mississippi	7
Ohio	23	Louisiana	6
Indiana	13	Texas	4
Illinois	11	Tennessee	12
Michigan	6	Kentucky	12
Wisconsin	5	Missouri	9
Iowa	4	Arkansas	4
California	4		
Total	178	Total	120
Grand total	296	Necessary to a choice	149

It will be noticed that if Mr. Buchanan should succeed in carrying the whole of the fifteen slave States, he must obtain in addition 29 votes from the North in order to secure his election. Pennsylvania, with California, or either of the other smaller Free States, would furnish the requisite number. Failing Pennsylvania, Mr. Buchanan's prospects would be rather gloomy—and probably to the importance of carrying the "Key Stone State," does he owe in a great degree his nomination.

If Mr. Fillmore should remain in the field, and succeed in carrying Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Louisiana—or an equivalent number of votes in the South, and at the same time California in the North—the contest may perhaps be thrown into the House of Representatives for decision. For the Republicans, in order to succeed by a vote of the people, must carry all the Free States en masse, with the exception of 27 votes, the exact number belonging to Pennsylvania. If they lose Pennsylvania therefore, they can afford to lose nothing else; if they carry Pennsylvania, they can afford to lose several of the smaller Free States.

It will be noticed, that this time the old saying may prove untrue—and we may not be able to tell who is President even *after* the election. Even as to the probabilities, both our domestic and foreign affairs are in so uncertain and hazardous a condition that they produce corresponding uncertainty in the feelings of the great masses of the people, and therefore in the relative strength of parties. We confess that, for our own part, we should scarcely be surprised at anything.

CALIFORNIA.

This Pacific State seems to be in a far from pacific condition. Two murders a day, we see it stated, is about the average for the past year. Criminals escape through the meshes of the law, and the code of Judge Lynch has to be appealed to, which even when it does justice, does it unjustly. Whether we excuse or condemn the recent proceedings of the Committee of Vigilance in San Francisco, we must admit the fact that the moral ability to govern themselves of the people of California, is not as perceptible as one might wish it to be in an American community.

The citizens of San Francisco say that their judges are false to their trusts. We can well believe it so, when we read that the Hon. Hugh C. Murray, Chief Justice of the State, struck a man over the head with his cane—probably following the Brooks' precedent—for having asserted, on another occasion, that he was about the meanest specimen of a man that had ever filled so important a position. The Chief Justice doubtless supposed he would prove the assertion false be his resort to club law—but the effect upon the public in general will be rather different. It is *fair* to state, as showing that there is some little justice left in California, that the Chief Justice was fined fifty dollars by the Recorder of Sacramento, *for* his assault and battery.

But, granting that the Judges of California are fairly represented by the Chief Justice of the State, who is to blame for it? Evidently the majority of the people. They must be lacking either in the ability or the desire to choose the right kind of judges. In either case, they are proving themselves incapable of self-government.

Judge McLean, in a letter we this week publish, alludes to the downward tendency of things in this country. One of our contemporaries seems inclined to impute such a belief to the fact that the Judge is an "old man." We are not very aged, but we agree with the Judge in that opinion. There is a recklessness in the public mind, and in our public men, which if not checked, will inevitably result in domestic convulsions, or in foreign war, or perhaps even in both. May "God save the Republic," through the speedy uprising of all that remains of morality and virtue among us.

A FRENCH MOVEMENT.—Mr. Dillon, the French Consul at San Francisco—who has been heretofore suspected of Filibustering tendencies for the "glory of France and Louis Napoleon"—has been appointed Consul General and Charge d'Affaires at Port au Prince, St. Domingo. He will have the entire direction of the concerns of France in St. Domingo, Cuba, the rest of the West Indies, Nicaragua, and Central America. Another equally indication.

OUR NEW TYPE.—In answer to an elderly gentleman who says that he does not like the new type as well as the old, on account of its being harder upon the eyes, we may say, that the present type is not exactly what we expected to get when we ordered it. We expected a larger and bolder face; and when we change again, in the Fall, probably either shall go back in the main to the old type, or to something more closely resembling it.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.—Cole's celebrated original paintings of the Voyage of Life, illustrating Childhood, Youth, Manhood and Old Age, are now on exhibition at the new store of Messrs. H. Cowperthwaite & Co., No. 211 Chestnut street. They will be exhibited for two weeks from June 17th—admission free. Subscriptions for the engravings made from the pictures, will be received at the same place.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

It is not to be disguised that our relations with Europe have assumed an aspect of exceeding delicacy and importance. We say our relations with *Europe*—for we happen to have difficulties on hand, at the same time, with England, France, Spain and Denmark. Admitting for the moment, that in all these controversies we are asserting only what is clearly and undeniably our right, prudent men may be permitted to doubt the wisdom of that statesmanship which, if things come to the worst, will have succeeded in uniting at least four nations against us. The bitter experience of Russia, one would suppose, might have guarded the Administration against the short-sightedness of such a policy.

The news of the recognition of Gen. Walker's government in Nicaragua, had arrived in England at the last advices; but the tidings of the dismissal of Mr. Crampton and the Consuls, had not yet reached there. The effect of the former news evidently was very irritating and unfavorable; especially as Mr. Marcy is said to have assured the English Minister only a few months ago, that the Government of the United States disapproved of Gen. Walker's proceedings. The explanation of this apparent contradiction doubtless is, that Mr. Marcy's opinion was overruled by the President; and while, in conformity with Mr. Marcy's views, the first envoy was not received—in conformity with Mr. Pierce's change of opinion, the second, Padre Vijil, was duly recognized. It is unfortunate that our Government was not more consistent in its course—and that ground was thus given to the British Ministry upon which to rest a charge of double dealing against the Secretary of State.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, for the integrity of which, as Mr. Clayton understands it, our Government claims now to be contending, contains a mutual pledge—as to which there is no dispute—against any attempt at the colonization of Central America by either Great Britain or the United States. It is not to be wondered at therefore, however unjust and undeserved, that it should be charged in England that the United States is striving, by means of General Walker's Expedition, to do indirectly through its citizens, what it has solemnly pledged itself not to do. To clear our Government of such an imputation, was evidently the motive that prompted the orders for the strict enforcement of the neutrality laws, sent on to this city and to New York—as well, likewise, of the refusal to recognize Gen. Walker's first envoy. But the effect of such judicious action was very much impaired by the almost unimpeded enlistments of soldiers for Walker, both in New Orleans and San Francisco, and by the recent recognition of Padre Vijil. And however much we may regret it, we cannot wonder that General Walker's Expedition should now be regarded by many in England, as a flagrant though underhanded violation of the anti-colonization pledge of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Now, added to this quite sufficient cause of disagreement, comes the difficulty relative to Enlistments, and the dismissal of the British Minister and Consuls. We have thus two sources of irritation, neither of which probably would endanger the peaceful relations between the two countries—but which conjointly may lead to the most serious consequences.

And as if these two causes of discord were not sufficient, the Cincinnati Convention must add to its platform five resolutions directly calculated to produce further uneasiness. Of these resolutions it will be said—whether truly or falsely—that they pledge one of the great, if not *the* great party of the country, to the support of just such schemes as Walker has carried into execution against Central America. It will be urged that Cuba is to be the next point of attack; and the manifesto of the Ostend Conference will be pointed to as embodying still more openly the views of the controlling class of American statesmen. That, supported by such pleas, an Alliance against the United States might be formed, which would include every power that allied itself against Russia, surely is not one of the most improbable of suppositions.

The result of a great war is always uncertain—but supposing we admit that the result of such an unequal conflict as we have imagined, would be in our favor; and that the British fleets and French armies alike would be ultimately driven ignominiously from our shores. Admitting this, none can doubt that such a triumph would be bought only at a tremendous sacrifice of life and property and daily happiness. Ruined cities, and devastated coasts, and possibly internal commotions—a shattered commerce and a blighted industry—undoubtedly would be the accompaniments of so terrible a contest. And, at the close, as we stood up finally victorious in the midst of our blackened cities and devastated fields, we would sadly ask ourselves the question, then too late, if more discreet statesmanship on the part of our rulers could not have saved us all we had lost, without a spot or tarnish upon our courage and good name.

We are not opposed to war—if war be absolutely necessary; but that must be no fancied necessity, but a real, stern and imperative one. Is there anything either in this Enlistment, or this Central American, or this Cuban, or this Sound Dues' difficulty, which warrants an open rupture with England, France, Spain or Denmark, as a stern, implacable, unrelenting Necessity? Is there any reason why two of those questions especially—that of Central America and of the Sound Dues—should not be arbitrated? And, these two removed, are the others of sufficient importance, or so clearly based upon right principles, that it is *necessary* we should fight in vindication of the views expressed at Washington and at Ostend? We think that all sound, judicious, upright and uncommitted men, can have but one answer to this inquiry.

For our own part, we are free to confess that we want no such war forced upon us as the one we have indicated. We cannot consider that wise and discreet statesmanship, which has brought the country to such a perilous pass—even if, Providentially, the clouds may disperse without letting loose the tornado that they darkly envelope. We greatly desire to see on the part of those who profess to be our wise and conservative statesmen, less shaping of their course to catch the applause and support of the unthinking and the reckless—even if they be many. And as for that large class of our fellow citizens who, away from the noise and excitement of city life, are able to think calmly, and act upon long-matured and conscientious convictions—may we not ask of them, as they love their country, to make their influence felt above all this clamor of noisy politicians and bar-room loafers! Let them not yield to rash excitements, or bind themselves so fast to the car of any party that they are no longer free and impartial men—but let them throw their decisive weight, upon all important occasions, in favor of those great principles of Justice, Peace, and Moderation in Freedom which have stood, and will continue to stand, the test of Ages.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—Recent advices from Nicaragua represent Walker's army as composed of about 1,000 foreigners and 500 natives. It is further stated that a coalition between Guatemala, St. Salvador and Honduras had been formed to oppose him, and that 6,000 troops were already on the march. Judging from the battles that have taken place, we should think Walker's chance of maintaining himself a very good one, were it not for two things, the unhealthy climate, and the want of money. We should not be surprised if the "fever" of itself would ultimately so weaken the filibusters, as to force them to leave the country. Their situation is somewhat similar to that of one who should attempt to "annex" a bale of goods impregnated with the yellow fever.

NORTON'S LITERARY REGISTER, or, Annual Book List, for 1856, has reached us. It is a complete catalogue of all the books that have been published during the past year in the United States, including the new editions and reprints of the books of 1855, together with the prices, the names of publishers, etc., and is undeniably a work of great general usefulness.

AGAINST MOTHS.—Our correspondent "Ypsilanti" advises as a protection against moths the use of mosquito bars, or some thin, gauzy fabric, on frames to fit the windows. The idea is to keep the insect from obtaining access to the house when, in its summer form of "miller," it deposits its eggs, the embryos of the future moths. Furs should be enclosed with paper sacks, sealed up with Gum Arabic mucilage, which are then impervious to any attacks of the enemy.

New Publications.

LECTURES READ TO THE SENIORS IN HARVARD COLLEGE. By EDWARD TYRRELL CHANNING. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Edward Tyrrell Channing was the brother of William Ellery Channing, and for thirty-two years held the office of Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard College. In this station he did much to mould the minds of some of the most able and distinguished men in America. His own direct contributions to literature are various essays in the North American and other Reviews, among which is a beautifully-written memoir of his grandfather, William Ellery. He prepared, before his death, the present volume of Lectures, which are now published for the first time. The student of every degree will find them not only delightful reading, but of the greatest practical use in the prosecution of his studies. They are written with great elegance and perspicuity, and are evidently the production of not only a well-balanced and richly cultured mind, but of a man who entirely understood his subject, and thoroughly felt and knew what he was writing about. A biographical notice from the pen of R. H. Dana, Jr., (perhaps most widely known as the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," but also well-known in Massachusetts as a skilled lawyer, and an accomplished and eloquent man,) prefaces the essay.

THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF HERODOTUS IN THE FIFTH CENTURY BEFORE CHRIST. By J. TALBOYS WHEELER, F. R. G. S. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

With the travels of Herodotus (already well-known to the English reader through Beloe's translation) for a basis, Mr. Wheeler has here built up a fictive work which presents, in an easy and popular form, a complete panorama of the principal nations of the ancient world, as they were in the days of Pericles and Nehemiah. The historic events, the manners, religion, literature, arts, and social condition of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Scythians, and other peoples, are thus vividly and familiarly brought home to our perception and comprehension. The value of the work seems to us to be contained in its happy modernization of the life of a period alien to our sympathies because so far removed into the Past, and so unlike our own civilization; and in the strong impression it leaves on the mind of those foreign times and climes. The attempt has been to clothe the bare and cold outlines of ancient history with the warm light of poetry, and it is very successfully accomplished. The book is admirably suited to the young reader, and will prepare his mind and whet his taste for the loftier books of history, geography and criticism.

THE ADVENTURES OF GERARD, THE LION-KILLER. Translated from the French by CHARLES S. WHITEHEAD. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by C. G. Henderson, Phila.

Here we have the record of a ten years' campaign among the wild beasts of North Africa. It is the work of a genuine connoisseur. He follows the lion from his birth to the hour of his death, and states his temperament, education, and habits, with an enthusiasm and admiration which resemble love. It is nothing at all to say that the volume is crowded with the most stirring scenes of adventure. It has a supreme and absorbing interest, and is one of those books which have a universal audience, and no dissenters. The narrative is finely assisted by numerous graphic engravings.

A SHOT FOR YOUNG MEN; OR, A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON. By Rev. THOMAS BINNEY. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Nothing could be better for young men or men no longer young, than a diligent and thoughtful study of the life and good works of the large-hearted, round-headed, earnest and noble Christian man, whose career this book outlines. He was, in the loftiest sense of the word, a philanthropist, and left behind him a bright record of service rendered to the race. The present sketch is an expansion of a lecture, delivered before the Young Mens' Christian Association, at Exeter Hall, London, and is written with method, force, and good sense, though with a little narrowness of view.

GABRIEL VANE: HIS FORTUNE AND HIS FRIENDS. By JEREMY LOUD, Author of "Dovecote." Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by C. G. Henderson, Philadelphia.

Gabriel Vane is a rather mediocre novel. It is not written from any real inspiration, and is somewhat lacking in interest. Some portions of it are poorly imitated imitations of Dickens. The names of its various personages, especially, indicate the author's model—as, for instance, Kit Nubbles, (isn't that taken outright from "The Old Curiosity Shop?") Mr. Dandelly, Isaac Crankey, Mr. Jorum, (another borrowing?) Mr. Hipharpy, and others of the same fashion. The book, however, is not without talent, though of a rather inferior kind.

THE STATES AND TERRITORIES OF THE GREAT WEST. By JACOB FERRIS. Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Mr. Ferris's work supplies a deficiency in literature, inasmuch as it is a comprehensive view of the entire West, and not of a single portion thereof. The book is practically complete. It touches every phase of life, and takes up every important historical and biographical fact, pertaining to the western country. In style it is simple, pleasing, and unaffected. We judge it to be a valuable book of reference, as well as an entertaining narrative.

THE BRITISH POETS. Little & Brown, Boston. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

Three more volumes of an edition of the British Poets entirely unmatched for cheapness, readable size, simple and serviceable binding, fine white paper, and clear and fair letter-press. The volumes are one containing Shakspeare's poems, as distinguished from his plays; and two containing all the poetry of Herrick. The works are embellished with finely executed portraits from steel, and are rendered complete by an appropriate memoir of each bard.

SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE. By F. D. HUNTINGDON, D. D. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

We have great pleasure in recommending these forcible, eloquent and manly sermons to the attention of the public. They are full of bold and brilliant truth, and are the production of a vigorous and cultured intellect. The most prominent feature of the volume is its colored and electrical eloquence, while its thought and tone have much nobility and dignity.

LEARNING TO READ. By JACOB ABBOTT. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

Mr. Abbott is indefatigable in his endeavors to help teach the young idea how to shoot. Children can hardly fail to profit much by his series of books for their use. The present work consists of easy and entertaining lessons, designed to assist children in familiarizing themselves with the forms of the letters, and in learning to read. It is beautifully printed, and has numbers of excellent wood engravings.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ART. By M. A. DURANT. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A very able and valuable treatise on the principles of Design, and of especial value to the young draughtsman. It embraces much of information with regard to the rise, progress, and history of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, &c. The book is dedicated to Miss C. M. Sedgwick, one of the earliest and best of American female authors.

MECHANICS' TABLES, CONTAINING AREAS AND CIRCUMFERENCES OF CIRCLES, AND SIDES OF EQUAL SQUARES; CIRCUMFERENCES OF ANGLED HOOPS, ANGLED CUTTING AND INSIDE; CUTTING OF BOILER PLATES, COVERING OF SOLIDS, ETC., ETC. By CHAS. H. HASWELL, Marine Engineer. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

Mechanics will find this little book of great value. Its tables and rules apply to every kind of measurement and estimation, and its calculations and instructions are simple, intelligible, and of practical use to all parties therein concerned.

FEMALE LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY. By WILLIAM BURNS. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A series of cleverly-written sketches of the various workwomen of city life. The milliner, the choir-singer, the school-teacher, the nurse, the washer-woman, and numerous others, are graphically depicted. The book is embellished with forty-four woodcuts.

THE GREAT HAT MAKE, AND OTHER HUMOROUS AMERICAN SKETCHES. By HENRY P. LELAND. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

A collection of funny things, done in that peculiar style of caricature peculiar to the United States. The illustrations with which the book abounds are very good.

LIFE SKETCHES FROM COMMON PATHS. By MRS. JULIA L. DUMONT. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A volume of tales marked chiefly by high moral tone and purity of purpose. The stories are well-constructed, and written with simplicity.

Lindsay & Blakiston have the Medical Examiner for June.

The June "Graham" may be found at the various bookstores.

Zieber & Co. have the last issue of the London Quarterly Review. It has a very able and very critical review of Ruskin's "Modern Painters." Ruskin's works, however, can endure a great deal of criticism without receiving serious injury. His are by far the ablest and manliest views of Art we have had in this century, and his volumes have splendors of style which alone would cover a multitude of sins.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF COMMODORE ROBERT F. STOCKTON. Derby & Jackson, N. Y. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

SIN AND REDEMPTION. A SERIES OF SERMONS. By D. N. Sheldon, D. D. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Letter from England.

OPENING OF THE ACADEMY—THE ART-CRITICS—THE ENTRANCE HALL—THE SCULPTURE ROOM AND THE RIVAL BUSTS—A FEW OF THE WORKS UP STAIRS.

LONDON, May 23, 1856.

Messrs. Eds. Sat. Eve. Post:

For eighty-eight years past, May has brought to the Londoners the principal exhibition of the season, the opening of the Royal Academy. All the smaller exhibitions begin earlier, knowing that they must hide their diminished heads, so soon as May-day arrives, ushering in the grand display. For three weeks past, every newspaper has had its Art critic, and very busily those critics have been engaged settling the comparative claims of 1,376 works of Art, including Sculpture, Paintings, Drawings, Miniatures and Engravings. The universal conclusion seems to be, that never has there been so good an average exhibition, though some of the former ones have been distinguished by a few pictures of more pre-eminent excellence than any displayed on this occasion. Critics of the old school rejoice over the modified peculiarities of the Pre-Raphaelite artists who contribute largely this year, many of them evincing considerable progress, especially in choice of subject, and giving evidence of great and original talent.

The old authorities look upon them as heretics, returning again, by slow degrees, to the true fold; while Mr. Ruskin, in a published critique upon the Exhibition of this year, taking an altogether different view of the case, speaks as follows:

"If the reader, before fixing his attention on any particular work, will glance generally around any of the rooms, he will be struck by a singular change in the character of the entire Exhibition. He will find that he can no longer distinguish the Pre-Raphaelite works as a separate class; but that between them and the comparatively few pictures remaining quite of the old school, there is a perfectly unbroken gradation formed by the works of painters in various stages of progress, struggling forward out of their conventionalism to the Pre Raphaelite standard. The meaning of this is simply that the triumph is completely and professedly won by the latter party; that animosity has changed into emulation, astonishment into sympathy, and that a true and consistent school of Art is at last established in the Royal Academy of England." And again: "As for my own special work, I look upon it now as almost supererogatory. I have little to do but to multiply monotonous terms of praise; for now that nearly every picture in the room has a meaning, the observer is thus led to expect one, and to exert his attention. I believe that people will easily distinguish such meanings for themselves, without the impertinence of explanation; and as for minor fault finding, I hold it generally useless in the cases of artists who mean well, and are painting from Nature. They will gradually find out their faults for themselves, and the spectator ought seldom to have his attention withdrawn from the real merits by any carping at passages of failure."

There seems to be some truth in each view of the case. Certain it is, that Pre-Raphaelites are growing far more poetic and attractive in choice of subject, and less harsh and stiff in treatment, while the Academicians almost driven mad at one time by the overwhelming abuse poured out upon them by their energetic and eloquent opponent, have greatly changed their general style of painting, now working in general with an accuracy and regard to truth, never known among them before.

And now for a few minutes in the Academy rooms among the multitudes of pictures, requiring many visits for their fair examination.

The Royal Academy occupies one half of the long low building on Trafalgar Square, of which the National Gallery of Old Masters, occupies the corresponding half. Ascending again the square portico, from a covered way formed by an awning of striped canvass—a very desirable protection for the crowds of elegantly-dressed ladies alighting from the carriage, in this treacherous May weather—you enter by a different door, the hall of the Academy, adjoining that of the National Gallery. It is badly lighted, and great dusty heads, and colossal statues without arms, surround you immediately, and loom out upon you in a dusky and threatening way. But this is the old statuary, the standing decoration of the hall, so not worth looking at on this occasion, when you are bent upon seeing the doings of to-day. So, purchasing your ticket for one shilling English, and an extra thick catalogue for another shilling, and taking your turn in the crowd to deposit your umbrella with the busy men in their box at the foot of the staircase, you first of all pass into the sculpture room, on the same floor. Among some pretty groups of figures, and a great number of heads, your attention is first arrested by two busts of the Queen, one by Baron Marochetti, and the other by Durham. Though representing the same person, and both good of their kind, they are remarkably different affairs. Durham's head is erect, Marochetti's thrown back with a queenly air. Durham's is crowned with the veritable English crown, and draped in a graceful mantle, fastened by a robe. Marochetti's shoulders terminate with a portion of a low cut, fashionable dress of the usual style worn by court ladies, and the head is decorated by two long feathers, curving round and terminating at the side in a mass of oak leaves. Finally, Durham's is of the usual dazzling, apotless, alabaster whiteness, while Marochetti's is stained to a cream color, and the feathers and leaves slightly touched with gilding. People usually shrink from the idea of coloring statues, in the first place, because there is something so exquisite in the pure whiteness of beautiful marble, that it seems a profanation to destroy it; and secondly, because they associate colored statuary with painted dolls and wax-work, and other coarse and unartistic images.

Whether color skillfully used would sometimes be an improvement, or always and completely an injury to statuary, we have not yet had anyafair opportunity of testing; but it is with a feeling of relief that you discover in looking at Marochetti's bust, that the color used has been so liquid and clear, as to leave the beautiful grain of the marble uninjured, resembling wonderfully when tinted thus, the texture of the human skin.

Whether you approve of color or no, you feel that Marochetti's bust is a noble one, the stately attitude, the sharp chiselling of the features, the fine moulding of the muscles, the massive way in which the hair and the oak leaves are carved out, give a grandeur to it incomparably superior to the grace of Durham's head, which would meet with much approbation if only Marochetti's were not beside it.

The most beautiful group of statuary, is by McDowel, R. A. It is called "The First Thorn in Life," and represents one child taking a thorn out of another child's foot. It is a most lovely, graceful little thing, but the other statuary is not generally remarkable, and you soon hasten to paintings in the rooms above.

Up-stairs the rooms exactly correspond to those of the National Gallery of Old Masters, which occupies the other half of the building, but which are approached from the street by a different entrance.

There is a short passage with a small room on each side, and beyond the passage three large rooms opening one out of the other in succession. The passage and the two smaller rooms are occupied principally by engravings, and water color and architectural drawings. The three large rooms are filled with oil paintings from the floor to the ceiling. There are a great number of portraits. Full length portraits of well known English beauties, fine, well developed women, crowned with masses of luxuriant hair. Military commanders of the late war, statesmen, artists, authors, and other distinguished personages; Thomas Carlyle, thoughtful and cross; David Cox, the old water-color artist, homely and strong; Charles Dickens by the celebrated French artist Ary Scheffer, said to be more admirable as a work of art than as a portrait; Miss Cushman, the American actress, etc., etc. Everywhere you see groups of everybody's children sitting in their mother's laps, walking in gardens, or kneeling devoutly in little white night-dresses, and after having recognized and criticised those belonging to your especial friends, you set to work in good earnest upon the varied mass of interesting pictures that still remain.

Millais this year has five pictures unequalled in color and fertile in invention. The largest represents a family party reading in the Times the news of the completion of Peace. It is a very striking and original work, and has already been sold at a high price.

But incomparably the best picture in point of feeling that the late war has called forth, is one by a Scotch artist, Mr. Noel Paton, entitled Home. It represents the return of a weary and disabled soldier. He has entered again his cottage home, and with his dusty bundle thrown on the floor, he has seated himself; too worn and exhausted, fully to express his happiness. His one remaining arm is passed around his wife, who has thrown herself on the ground beside him, and who, with head leaning upon his breast, and eyes half closed, seems almost fainting from the intensity of her emotion. Behind him stands his aged mother, with her hands clasped and head bowed upon his shoulder. The face of the soldier is infinitely touching, with its weary eye, and deep drawn lines, telling of the world of toil and hardship undergone. The silk handkerchief drawn like a cap over his head, the hanging sleeves of the military cloak, the missing buttons, the pantaloons cut below the knee, the worn out shoes, all add to the pathos of the story. It will not do to look long upon the scene, for it brings tears into the eyes of the coldest hearted. The Queen has ordered a duplicate of the picture for her gallery at Windsor, the original having been previously disposed of.

Perhaps, after this picture, the one most calculated to awaken emotion is a Scripture scene by a French artist, Mr. Le Jeune. It represents Mary Magdalene kneeling at the sepulchre, and gazing intently in, while the risen Christ, all unknown to her, is standing silently beside her, the pallor of the grave still but half departed from His features. The early dawn is just beginning to enlighten the distant horizon, and the face of Mary is illuminated by the brightness from within the sepulchre.

Highland Mary, by T. Faed, is a pleasant specimen of the style of painting prevailing until lately among the Academicians. The fair and lovely figure of the girl seated upon a rock in the foreground, wrapped in a plaid shawl, with a blue ribbon twisted through her bonny brown hair, is carefully painted, but the surrounding moorland and distant hills, though correct in outline and pleasant in color, are without any attempt at detail, the strokes of paint dashed this way or that, quite unmeaningly so that except for the first slight suggestion of landscape it might all be a piece of a haystack, or a variegated curtain, or anything which might serve to fill up the canvass, thus, though pleased at first with Mary's pretty face, when the first impression is over you grow wearied and do not care to look again, while in the pictures of the newer school, you find ever new attractions in leaf and stream and distant hill. Among the pictures of a decidedly Pre-Raphaelite character, is one of which neither the subject nor the name of the artist is to be found in the catalogue, but which has attracted universal attention and high praise, from the interest of the story which it relates, and the masterly manner in which it is executed. It represents a young, richly dressed cavalier, lying wounded in a wood. Beside him, in the grass, is scattered a pack of cards, all hearts and diamonds, and in the bark of the tree which divides the canvass in two, is stuck the broken blade of his sword. A young Puritan lady, whose plain gray dress forms a strong contrast to the rich lace and purple velvet of the young cavalier, kneels beside him, and raising him in her arms, endeavored to cover up the wound in his breast, while her Puritan lover standing by, beneath the tree in steeple hat, with book beneath his arm, looks on with stern and bitter condemnation. The story usually inferred is of gambling in the wood for some romantic stake, of a quarrel arising out of the gambling, of the young cavalier, aiming at his adversary, and striking the tree instead, and leaving in it his broken blade, of his reeling around, wounded and faint, and falling at the foot of the tree, of his lying there so long that the bright blade has become rusted, that a spider has spun her web connecting the point to the bark of the tree, and the butterfly, the emblem of immortal life, has lighted on the destructive weapon; then of the young Puritan lady passing through the wood with her stern lover, finding him cold and pale, at death's door, and coming to his rescue. All the details of the picture, from the half-opened eyes of the cavalier to the broken ferns beside him are wrought out with intense care and admirable perfection. The picture is usually attributed to a young and hitherto unknown artist of the name of Burton.

RUNAWAY SLAVE BROUGHT BACK.—On Monday week, Capt. Macfarlan, of the British bark Intrinsic, which sailed from Charleston, S. C., for Liverpool on Saturday, when off Cape Romain, found a black man, named John, concealed on board. Capt. M. immediately stood back for Charleston, but was fortunate enough to fall in with the British schooner Victory, from Nassau, N. P., bound in. He accordingly put the fugitive on board, who was safely delivered to the authorities on the arrival of the Victory on Tuesday.

The Northern American Convention.

The delegates to the Northern American Anti-Fillmore Convention, at New York, occupied all the morning of the 12th inst., in comparing views.

The general disposition among the delegates was to take no decided steps towards nomination. The friends of Fremont and Banks were numerous, but the utmost harmony prevailed, and no disposition was manifested to urge the claims of their favorites.

The Convention met at 12 o'clock, and was called to order by Ex Governor Colby, of New Hampshire, who moved the appointment of Ex-Governor Johnson, of Pennsylvania, as temporary Chairman, which was unanimously confirmed.

The usual Committees on Credentials and to select permanent officers were then appointed.

In the afternoon Judge Conrad, of Philadelphia, addressed the body, saying they had important duties to perform, and he, for one, would not shrink from them.

Ex-Governor Ford, of Ohio, who was received with much applause, followed in a sarcastic speech with regard to the Democratic nominees, and in favor of a candidate, whether called "American" or by any other name, of sound National feeling, and opposed to the aggression of the slave power.

The announcement of the withdrawal of Senator Hamlin from the Democratic party, was received with thundering cheers.

After other speeches, the Committee on Credentials made a partial report, showing the attendance of delegates from 18 States.

The Committee on a permanent organization reported Robert T. Conrad, of Pennsylvania, for President, one Vice President from each State represented, and four Secretaries. The report was unanimously adopted.

Judge Conrad, in returning his thanks to the Convention, spoke strongly in favor of American principles, and called on the Free States to rise in their might, and stop the oppression of the people of Kansas.

On June 13th, Ex-Governor Colby presented a communication from the Republican National Committee, appointed at Pittsburg, stating that the Pittsburg Convention desired to include in their invitation for a Convention in Philadelphia, on the 17th of June, all who are opposed to the extension of slavery, as there was no reason why all should not unite who are opposed to the aggressions of [illegible], and great reason why all should unite, as union is the only means offering of a hope of success.

A motion being made to refer the matter to a Committee, a lengthy discussion ensued.

The matter was finally referred to a Committee of one from each State.

In the afternoon, Mr. Peck moved to proceed to an informal ballot for a candidate for the Presidency. Some debate ensued, in which the name of J. C. Fremont was received with such applause as satisfied the mover as to the choice of the Convention, and he withdrew the motion.

The Chairman of the Committee on the Republican proposition gave notice that the Committee would report in the morning.

On the 14th, the Convention adopted the following resolutions, unanimously reported by the Committee to which was referred the proposition for a fusion with the Republicans:

Resolved, That this Convention proceed to indicate, by a series of ballotings, their preference for persons to be placed in nomination for candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States.

Resolved, That the persons who shall receive the votes of a majority of the members of this Convention in said balloting, for either of said offices, be declared the choice of the Convention for nominees of said offices.

Resolved, That when such preference shall be ascertained by the result of said ballotings, a committee of one from each State be appointed to confer with said proposed nominees, and with the Convention that meets in Philadelphia on the 17th inst., with regard to such nomination.

Resolved, That this Convention continue in session during the coming week, until said committee report.

The Convention was addressed by Mr. George Law, who advocated the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, the improvement of the Lakes, a railroad to the Pacific, &c.

After debate, the informal balloting was commenced, with the following result:—

N. P. Banks,	48
J. C. Fremont,	39
Wm. F. Johnston,	7
Jno. McLean,	19
R. F. Stockton,	13
Mr. Chase, of Ohio,	4

The following is the vote by States on the above ballot:

	Banks.	Fremont.	Johnston.	McLean.	Stockton.	Chase.
Maine, 8 votes,		6				8
New Hampshire, 5 votes,		5				
Vermont 5, ruled out,						
Massachusetts, 13 votes,		10				
Rhode Island, 4 votes,		1	3			
Connecticut, 6 votes,		6				
New York, 35 votes,	31	3			1	
New Jersey, 7 votes,					7	
Pennsylvania, 26 votes,			4	14	4	
Delaware, 1 vote,					1	
Indiana, 1 v., not present,						
Wisconsin, 5 votes,	3					
Oregon, 2 votes,	2					
Ohio, 23 votes, not full,		3		4		
California, 2 votes,		2				
Minnesota, 3 votes,	3					
Michigan, 6 votes,		2				4
Kansas, 2 votes,		1		1		
	42	39	7	19	13	4

The Convention then adjourned until 4 o'clock, and on re-assembling, two additional ballots were taken, resulting as follows:—

N. P. Banks,	48	46
J. C. Fremont,	36	37
R. F. Stockton,	20	18
John McLean,	10	2
Wm. F. Johnston,	1	15

The Convention then adjourned until Monday mor

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Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MEETING.

Ay, fondly, fervently, those two had loved,
Had mingled minds in love's own perfect trust,
Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of distant years,
And thus they met! Oh, meeting sad and strange!
But are not *meetings* in this world of change
Sadder than *partings*, oft? And thus they met!
Oh, since their youth's last passionate farewell
How changed in all but love!—the true, the strong,
Joining in death whom life had parted long!
—*Felicia Hemans.*

Ay, "sadder than partings," oft, *are* meetings in this world of ours. Well is it if external change be the worst that has passed over us in the meanwhile; well, if the blight of youth and beauty and expectation be the worst blight; well if the bent form, wasted flesh, dimmed eye, and whitened hair, the honest record of many years, be the worst marks set upon the countenance; well if the hard and sharp, or sensual or sinister expression there does not betray the world-ossified, flesh-debased, or devil-perverted nature; very well if, in all losses, spiritual life be not lost!

The meeting of these two long-severed friends of whom I am about to tell you, was not of this mournful nature. Sorrowful enough, indeed, it was, with the blight of all youthful hopes and aspirations—the irreparable losses of all past time—for what could restore their more than twenty years of wasted life?—but without bitter regret for themselves or each other. The worst fault of their youth had been only haste, imprudence, and thoughtless disobedience in one single instance, to parental authority—a fault resulting in, and as they, in their fond faith, believed, *expiated* by a lifetime of patient suffering and faithful devotion to the duties they had respectively assumed. And so their meeting, with all its earthly mournfulness, was still cheerful with heavenly hopes. They met in age, each bound by irrevocable vows that must keep them sacred from the bitter mockery of this late earth-union; he vowed to the altar, to the service of God *for* humanity; she to the life of mercy, to the service of humanity for God. Ah, they met to reveal themselves each to the other, to breathe again vows of undying affection and fidelity; and then—to part forever?—no! but to adjourn their re-union from time to eternity—from earth to heaven! Oh, blessed hope! oh, soundless depths of joy to know long-suffering love, not lost, but sanctified, redeemed, immortalized, laid up—the most precious crowning blessing among the "treasures in heaven!"

I know a beautiful and gifted girl who gave her heart's first love to her spiritual adviser—a sinless, a heavenly love, yet must it be confessed as a sin. And he, the young priest, loved his beautiful charge not less strongly or less purely. But he kept that all precious, heavenly fire pure from falsehood and every form of evil. He did not seek a dispensation from his vows—he would not so trifle with faith pledged to God, not to man; he had one interview with his beloved—he set her soul on fire with a celestial hope, adjourned their union from earth to heaven, and offered her up to the Mission of Mercy. And she, with a loving reverence past imagination, bowed acceptance of that doom. The Lord gave her a short and glorious, though hidden life—a life whose mysterious riches and joys were all of the spirit—a laborious life among the poor, the sick, the sinful and the prisoners. A refined, delicate, fastidious girl, she went on her errands of love amid sights and sounds and scenes in which every spiritual and material sense was pained—where the external squalor, filth, and disease were but the faintest indication of the inner foulness and decay. She went, in fine, where only such spirits can go without bringing away the smallest speck of soil upon their white garments. His labors were in another field, though among the same forsaken class. How much good their devoted charity wrought has never been computed here. They have both gone hence. And I love to think of them, united in heaven. This is a slight digression, and only made to illustrate the strong realizing faith, the confident anticipation with which some spirits look to heaven for the sure and bright fulfillment of every duty-sacrificed, earth-deferred, pure hope and aspiration.

Let there be no sorrowful regret for such as these; but for those only whose loves, through evil, are lost for time and for eternity. Eustacia, Madame Laglorieux, Mother Agatha, whichever you may please to call her, for to all these names was the mourning Abbess of St. Genevieve Convent justly entitled—had been prepared as well as it was possible to prepare such a woman, for such a meeting. First of all Vivia had written to her, informing her of the sudden death of Mrs. Malmaison, and of the casual meeting with the Abbe Francois Laglorieux. Now it has been seen that very little love existed between Ada and the Abbess. And the intelligence of the catastrophe that ended the sinful life of the former, simply shocked, without deeply grieving the latter. But that Vivia had met Francois was the great absorbing point of interest. The latter gave no farther details—there was nothing more than these two single facts, one of which was enough to afford speculation for the fortnight that intervened before the reception of a second letter advising Mother Agatha of the change in their plans of travel, and of their speedy return home in the company of Father Francis. Half ready as she was for this news it was nevertheless a shock of joy so thrilling and exciting heart and soul, that neither reading, prayer nor meditation could for days compose them. And then came a letter from Pere Francois. What a letter! What an outpouring of the long pent fountains of love and passionate grief. "Oh! my long lost, my ever mourned—my dearest—my only one!" he wrote—"I—whom sorrow could never utterly break down—can now scarcely bear up under the joy of the revelation that has been made to me! To know you living—spiritually living, soul and body living, wise, good, and useful, not dead, not lost to Heaven or to me—but saved, redeemed, treasured, and mine as I am thine to all eternity. Ah! mine own! I who have sinfully despaired and prayed for death for so many long years, now dread even the familiar sea lest its waves should engulf me ere I see your face again. For though I surely know that we are one forever and forever, yet would I meet thee, my Eustacia, yet once more face to face in this scene of our love and sorrow—yet once more to recall, to explain, and then forever to bury and forget the systematic falsehood that hid your fair soul from my vision, and kept us apart and unknown to each other for so many years. Our Austin! he had his mother's heart of fire and soul of light."

"Mine! ah! no, not mine," mused the Abbess at this point of the letter, "from me, indeed, perhaps the burning heart alas!—but not from me the bright and radiant soul!" Emotions too deep and strong for tears, shook her whole being. Francois was coming, and life and the world, aye, and the aspects of eternity seemed all changed in that prospect. He was coming—he had come! A letter from New York preceded his party by a few hours, announcing their arrival. Very careful were they that no surprise should try the strength of the already shaken woman.

It was a warm, refulgent day in summer, when the Abbess, advised of their intended approach, sat waiting them. Waiting! Oh! could any surprise have been more trying than that excited vigilance and continued suspense? Happily it did not last long. As soon as she could reasonably have expected the carriage rolled into the court-yard.

Vivia alone alighted and came into the room where the Abbess stood incapable of speech or of motion.

Blooming and smiling with joy the bright visitant embraced her pale and trembling friend, and whispering,

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in Francois Laglorieux, and then retired, leaving the long severed pair alone.

That meeting! that strange meeting of mingled joy and sorrow! who shall describe it?—could either of the parties most concerned have given any clear account of it? A priest and nun—albeit many years anterior to their assumption of religious and conventual habits—a wedded pair—might not now meet as lovers or even as ordinary friends—the very clasping of the hands was forbidden by the vows that each had rashly taken. She arose to welcome him; but could only point out a chair, thus merely inviting him to take it, before she sank back to her own seat. He drew the indicated seat nearer to her own and sat down. Notwithstanding all careful preparation both were excessively agitated, and at first quite incapable of conversation. They talked incoherently; questioned or replied at random; commenced sentences and stopped abruptly; spoke in ejaculations—and broke off to gaze—each upon the other's altered brow in a sorrowful dismay. This, at first, and then the deeply troubled souls grew gradually quiet, the course of thought and affection smoother and clearer, and finally they calmly gathered up the scattered links in their broken chain of history and put them together for a better understanding of the past.

When all was explained, Monsieur Laglorieux said:

"The longer I have lived—the more I have learned—the deeper I am impressed with the truth that no *real* evil can happen to us, except with our own consent and through our own co-operation. We were youthful and below all, we were faulty, and therefore were we given over to believe a lie! Had we been good, dear Eustacia, had we possessed *faith* in each other, this great evil could not have approached. Nay! had but *one* of us had faith in the other, that single faith would have been *mighty* enough to have defeated the machinations of all the powers of darkness. Had you possessed faith enough in me to have withstood the mighty force of calumny, and even the deceptive evidence of your own senses, for a little while, and had I possessed the like faith in you, no power under Divine Providence could have severed us. But we had already, in one instance, in that of our marriage, shown ourselves passionate, self-willed and disobedient, and we were prepared to believe further evil of each other, when the charge came, supported by such strong evidence. Neither of us, alas! had a saving faith in the other! Had we had, this evil could not have conquered us. Ay! no evil can overcome us except with our own consent!"

The Abbe paused, and, after a brief silence, resumed:

"Yet, let us thank the Power that bringeth good out of evil, that our sorrow has been sanctified to our souls' eternal welfare, and to the good uses of our fellow beings. In our grief many have been made glad. Especially is this true of *your* portion, my Eustacia. Long have I heard—without suspecting her identity with my lost bride—of the wisdom and goodness, and widely extended usefulness of St. Genevieve's Abbess! How the poor, the sick, the sinful, the sufferer of every kind and degree, blessed her ministrations. Ay! how the sick have been restored by her prayers, and the case-hardened sinner subdued and converted by her exhortations—how—"

"Oh! hush, hush! 'Not unto us, not unto us, oh, Lord! but unto Thy Name be all the glory!'" exclaimed the Abbess, clasping her hands, and raising her dark eyes, now radiant with the light of holy enthusiasm.

"There is a mission of our order to be opened in this neighborhood—a seminary for the education of youth. Gray Rock, the old Garland property, has been purchased for the site. It is expected to be commenced just as soon as the interior of the old mansion can be fitted up. I suppose it will be ready for the reception of pupils by the first of September, the usual commencement of the autumnal scholastic term. They will probably make me one of the prefects of the new establishment. I shall remain in your neighborhood. How will that suit you, my friend?" inquired the Abbe, after a little while.

"Well! oh! very well! dost thou not know it?" exclaimed the lady, her pale face glowing from the depths of her soul's satisfaction, and adding—"Thou wilt then become thy poor Eustacia's spiritual director, wilt thou not, my father?"

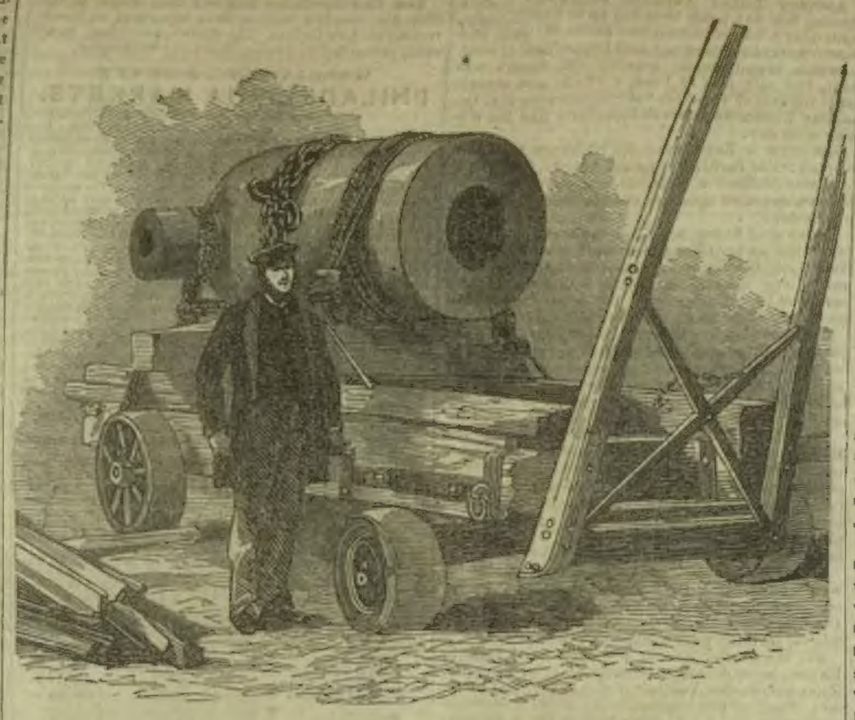
There could be but one answer to that earnest question. An hour yet they passed in sweet and sacred converse, and then the Abbe passed out. Meeting Vivia in the hall, he said—

"Go thou to thy aunt, my child, she will tell thee all that it is requisite thou shouldst know. I depart to send Austin to his mother."

And while he re-entered his carriage and drove off, Vivia rejoined the Abbess. The lady met her with a countenance—oh! so different from that which she had shown but two hours before! so refulgent with a joy that looked through and beyond this world! She caught her hand and clasped it fervently while they sat upon the sofa together, and she spoke—

"Oh, Vivia! oh, my darling! what a joy to have the vista of eternal life open to one's tearful eyes! to know that we shall dwell therein in light and love forever! Oh! Vivia, doubtless, lovers are very happy on their bridal day; but we two, who have just now parted to meet no more on earth, except in the sacraments of the church—we two, earth-aged and earth-ruined! we are happier than they! for the aspects of eternity are revealed to us, and we know that the precious love offered up upon the sacrificial altar here, will be restored to us in infinitely heightened worth and beauty in Heaven—that death will not sever, but will unite us forever. It is a marriage adjourned from time to eternity—from earth to Heaven! Ah, with such a faith, can we not bear, cheerfully, joyously the burthen of the latter days of mortal life? Ah! Vivia! even you wonder at this change in me—in *us*; but listen! it was not the simple fact of separation on this planet, that made the misery of either of us! *that* alone—had duty made it necessary—could have been well borne! Ah, no! but the greatest error in our erring lives—the deepest sorrow in our sorrowful hearts was—the doubt of each other's truth! the fear of losing each other in eternity. We doubt no longer, and hence our rejoicing! Listen, now, for I have a story to tell you, my child. That unhappy woman who recently laid sacrilegious hands upon God's sacred gift of life, was the depository of your family history, which she never confided to me. On the contrary, she misled me in regard to your parentage, and bound me to silence by vows that only her death has loosed. But my late interview with Francois Laglorieux has made all the past clear to me—as I shall presently make it to you. For your history is so interwoven with my own, that to narrate the one will be to disclose the other. My life, Vivia, ay! my *life* commenced with my first knowledge of Francois Laglorieux. I had grown until then, as minerals or plants grow—then I lived!—was it not inevitable I should love my life-inspirer? He was only the young French master in the boarding-school where I was educated. It was a very well conducted establishment. No one could be more conscientious in the discharge of duty than was the Principal of that institution, and her staff of assistants. There were some half dozen masters in attendance upon the school—music, dancing, painting, and the languages, each had their professor, and each professor his day and his class. One of the elderly female teachers was always in attendance on the young ladies, upon these occasions. Perhaps it was because Monsieur Laglorieux was very youthful and very prepossessing, that the principal, or her first assistant was always present with the pupils at his class. But what vigilance can bar the intercommunion of related spirits? I cannot inform you exactly when or through what means it was that I first knew Francois Laglorieux loved me with a heaven-pure passion—or when the soul within me first awoke to life and consciousness in response to that call. Such sacred mysteries of the spirit escape us when we attempt their analysis. But soon, I know, I lived only in him, as he in me! And all this time, no word of love had passed the lips of either, and so veiled was this delicate affection, that not one of my lynx-eyed classmates, far less the teachers, suspected its existence. Yet we were then supremely happy. We never met but in the presence of the teacher and the class, and yet I am sure we never wished for an interview, or a ramble, or dreamed of marriage. I am sure we did not wish to come 'to an understanding,' as it is called. We both rather dreaded that as the breaking of a charm! We both felt that to have an explanation would have been, to have got farther apart—to have come out of that veiled, sweet, subtle, delicious union, of which we were in some beautiful way mutually conscious. Present or absent, we were ever together—ever blessed in each other. Oh! earthly eyes and ears, how short-sighted and dull! In our class-room had Francois' voice dropped but half a tone in speaking to me—had his eye softened but half a shade in glancing at me—my keen-eyed classmates and exemplary principal would have discovered it. But we lived in each other, and none but ourselves and the Lord knew it! We would meet in the class-room with twenty other persons. Francois might be at one extremity of the room with his face turned from me, and speaking to the principal, and I at the other, with my head bowed over my desk and my eyes fixed on my French exercise—yet there would our spirits meet and blend and part only to meet and blend again. And the glow in either heart was lighted from the life of the other. Those were beautiful and happy days! We were Adam and Eve in Paradise, before the coming of the serpent! But, ah! Vivia, the serpent came! Regret is vain, else should I now regret that our love ever took form in thought and speech. At the end of my third scholastic year, my father came unexpectedly and took me from the school. He took me to the hotel to spend the day and night. It was there that Francois sought me to bid me adieu—and it was there amid the pangs of parting, that he first breathed his love, and gave and received vows of eternal fidelity. Oh! that the beautiful love had remained forever a glory of the spirit!—that it had never ultimated in word or deed! I think, if our love had remained unspoken, we could have borne the impending separation better. But when we parted, I lost consciousness of his spiritual presence, if, indeed, his spirit was then with me. And I pined for his voice and smiles; and when my father conveyed me to his distant home, and when every day's experience only served to inform me in the knowledge that Colonel Malmaison would never, never consent to bestow the hand of his only daughter upon an humble French master, I fell into utter despondency and serious illness. My father thought that I needed a companion—and as we were destitute of near relations who might have come to share our home, my father advertised for a suitable young lady to be the home companion of his daughter. That fatal advertisement eventuated in the engagement of Ada Weaver—the cashiered mistress, I have now not the slightest doubt, of the unprincipled English baronet who contrived to palm her off as a respectable young woman, upon the credulity of the simple hearted country gentleman, my father. Her coming was the coming of the serpent! *Then* was the entrance of sin and sorrow into my paradise. Oh! Vivia! I was young and impressible. She soon magnetized me—I believe that is the new phrase for the old *diablerie*. She—notwithstanding a certain instinct that warned me against her—soon gained my confidence and my secret. Ah! what a desecration of that sweet and sacred mystery to lay it upon a bosom so false! At first she consoled me with a deceptive sympathy, but did not seek to tempt me into error. She had then indeed enough of her own personal interests to engage her attention. She had fixed her fatal eyes upon my younger brother, Philip. He was the very handsomest man I ever saw in my life. I was almost his only attraction, Vivia! And that Albino-Circe was far from indifferent to masculine beauty. You know, of course that when she had resolved to make him marry her, she accomplished her will! far weaker women than herself do such things with great ease; and it took not a tithe of *her* subtlety to fascinate the son and manage the father. Observe! Colonel Malmaison would have discarded either of his children for any other *mesalliance*, yet he forgave Philip for *her* sake—forgave him, though the stronger motives of rivalry and jealousy (for the old man doted on the syren) were added to those of family pride for opposing their union. The marriage, however, took place in February. My father left the young couple in possession of the shore plantation, and went up to Mount Storm. He wished me to attend him thither, and to be his housekeeper and his consoler. Would I had gone, as every sentiment of duty and of affection prompted me to do; but, ah! I had fallen, as all of our family had, under the spell of that evil one! she wished to keep me with her for a purpose, and she had her will! I remained. And my father departed alone. It was very soon after his departure that I received a letter—the first letter from Francois—it came quite unexpectedly, for we had arranged no plan of private correspondence—we were too guileless for that. I have since discovered that *she* instigated the writing of that letter by herself writing to him and telling him I know not what story about the failure of my health and spirits. The surprise and the joy of receiving that letter blinded me to the impropriety of carrying on the unauthorized correspondence, and she took care that my eyes should not be speedily opened. This correspondence commenced in March, continued uninterrupted until July, when the summer vacation set Francois at liberty, and he came down to the sea-shore, ostensibly for the recruiting of his health, which indeed was weakened and wasted by his arduous duties in the schools of the city—but really to be near me. The sea-coast village at which he lodged, was distant three miles from our plantation. He remained there two months—that is to say, until the first of September. Mrs. Ada, with her sweet sophistries, encouraged our loves and favored our frequent meetings. And when at last the time drew near that we were to part, and Francois was to return to his duties in the city, *she* it was who first ventured to propose to us a private marriage—pledging herself to afterwards obtain the forgiveness of Colonel Malmaison for the irrevocable step. At first I naturally shrank from a course so undutiful and so indelicate; but Francois, backed by Mrs. Malmaison urged me, and I, with an advocate in my own bosom also, could not long withstand them. We were married—having no other witness to the rites than Ada Malmaison.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A MONSTER MORTAR.

This mortar is one of those immense ones cast in England for service in the war with Russia. It was cast at the works of Messrs. George Forrester & Co., Vauxhall Foundry, Liverpool. The rough casting weighed about thirty tons; having had a head cast on it the same length as the finished mortar. The metal is entirely of charcoal iron, from the Acadian Company's mines, near Nova Scotia. It is a very pure and strong metal, showing in analysis very little, if any, sulphur; and giving a transverse bearing power of over ten tons per square inch bar, with bearings three feet apart.

The shells to be fired from this mortar weigh, uncharged, rather more than 5 cwt. each; and it is expected that with a full charge, or about 40 lb. weight of powder, the range will exceed 7,000 yards, or about *four* miles. The average range of the present 13-inch sea-service mortars is 4,200 yards with 20 lb. weight of powder, and the shell under 2 cwt. The diameter of this monster mortar is 18 inches in the bore, by 5 feet 8½ inches length of chamber; its outside dimensions being 3 feet 9 inches diameter by 7 feet 6 inches long. The finished weight is 14½ tons.

LOVE SONG.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

My Love is as fresh as the morning sky,
My Love is as soft as the summer air,
My Love is as true as the Saints on high,
And never was Saint so fair;
Oh, glad is my heart when I name her name,
For it sounds like a song to me—
I'll love you, it sings, nor heed their blame,
For you love me, *Astor Machree!*

Sweet Sibyl! sweet Sibyl! my heart is wild
With the fairy spell that her eyes have lit;
I sit in a dream where my love has smil'd—
I kiss where her name is writ!
Oh, darling, I fly like a dreamy boy,
The toil that is joy to the strong and true;
The life that the brave for their land employ,
I squander in dreams of you.

The face of my Love has the changeful light
That gladdens the sparkling sky of spring;
The voice of my Love is a strange delight,
As when birds in the May-time sing.
Oh, hope of my heart! Oh, light of my life!
Oh, come to me, darling, with peace and rest!
Oh, come like the summer, my own sweet wife,
To your home in my longing breast!

Oh! blessed be the home sweet Sibyl will sway
With the glance of her soft and queenly eyes;
Oh! happy the love young Sibyl will pay
With the breath of her tender sighs.
That home is the hope of my waking dreams—
That love fills my eyes with pride—
There's light in their glance, there's joy in their beams,
When I think of my own young bride.

BURIED FORESTS.—Extensive forests, covering valleys and hillsides, are overturned, and the uprooted trees form a gigantic barrier, which prevents the flowing off of the waters. An extensive marsh is formed, particularly well adapted for the growth of various kinds of mosses. As they perish, they are succeeded by others, and so for generations, in unceasing life and labor, until, in the course of time, the bottom, under the influence of decay and the pressure from above, becomes turf. Far below lies hard coal; the upper part is light and spongy. At various depths, but sometimes as much as twenty feet below the surface, an abundance of bogwood is found, consisting mostly of oak, hard and black as ebony, or of the rich chocolate-colored wood of the yew. Such ancient forests every now and then rise in awe-inspiring majesty from their grave. The whole city of Hamburg, its harbor, and broad tracts of land around it, rest upon a sunken forest, which is now buried at an immense depth below the surface. It contains mostly limes and oaks, but must also have abounded with hazel woods, for thousands of hazel nuts are brought to light by every excavation, not exactly made for nuts. The city of New Orleans, it has been recently discovered, is built upon the most magnificent foundation on which city ever rose. It was the boast of Venice that her marble palaces rested in the waters of the Adriatic on piles of costly wood, which now serve to pay the debts of her degenerate sons; but our Venice has not less than three tiers of gigantic trees beneath it. They all stand upright, one upon another, with their roots spread out as they grew, and the great Sir Charles Lyell expresses his belief that it must have taken at least eighteen hundred years to fill up the chasm, since one tier had to rot away to a level with the bottom of the swamp efore the upper could grow upon it.—*De Vere's Leaves from the Book of Nature.*

BOOKS, TALKERS AND WRITERS.

Many people are under the harmless delusion, that when an author has something particularly interesting to himself or the public, he writes a book, or that, like a criminal having "a weight upon his mind," he relieves himself at the expense of the public by, like Dogberry, bestowing all his "tediousness upon their worships."

It is related of G. P. R. James, the celebrated equestrian, that when he commences a novel he has not decided in his mind what the plot shall be until the "two horsemen" begin to talk. His natural sagacity then soon discovers what their conversation is about, and by dint of following them, like one of Matsell's shadows, pe worms the whole secret out of them.

A simple minded friend of ours is puzzled to know how the great romancers are able to repeat, word for word, the conversations of their characters, and not unreasonably suspects that there must be a traitor in the camp. But, as she observed the other day, "the ingenuity of people is really wonderful," and she related a case that happened to a well known Judge, who was an old friend of hers.

The legal functionary in charging the jury warned them to be careful of evidence that was merely the witness's impression, adding that he had that very very day had an instance of its fallibility. For, (said the Judge,) when I arrived here this morning I felt for my watch, and not finding it, came to the conclusion that my pocket must have been picked on my way down to the court; but a few minutes ago a little circumstance convinced me that I left it hanging at the right hand side of my bed, where, doubtless, it is now at this very moment; therefore, gentlemen of the jury, don't give credence to the *impression* of any witness.

There was a slight noise now, owing to two or three persons leaving the Court. Order being restored, the Judge concluded his address.

About a quarter of an hour after the Judge had made this allusion to his watch, a carriage stopped at the Judge's residence, from which a gentleman alighted, who, ringing at the bell, told the servant that the Judge had sent him for his watch, which he had left in his room, hanging at the right side of his bed.

Concluding from this minute description that all was right, the watch was delivered to the messenger, who drove away. Shortly after, another person came from his honor for the watch. When told that it had just been given to a gentleman, he gave vent to two or three oaths and then departed. In about another quarter of an hour two others came on a similar errand.

"Golly," said the darkey to the cook, when he descended to the kitchen, "massa's been imbibing this morning; two more come after his watch."

When the Judge returned home in the evening, he told Pompey to go up stairs and fetch his watch; the darkey stared and said,

"I gave it to the gentleman!"

"What gentleman?" inquired the Judge, looking somewhat alarmed.

"Why, the gentleman you sent for it! he told me where it was; how could he have known that, without you sent him! There's been four gentlemen after that watch, massa!"

The murder was out; the Judge saw that his incautiously naming where he left his watch, in his charge to the jury, had sent some of the light-fingered gentry then present in Court on a wild goose chase after that valuable article.

He took his loss philosophically, observing, "that Pompey was not so much to blame, for that possibly under the circumstances, he might have done the same thing."

Pompey, however, was not so considerate, and has had ever since then, a very poor opinion of his honor's sagacity. "Golly," adds Pompey, whenever he tells the tale, "who could have thought massa would have been so green as to tell the thieves where they could find his watch," and never has made out to this day, why his master should send four men for it; that puzzles him!

The exclamation made by one of the old school when she was in the Astor Library, the other day, is a sample of the strange notions some people have: "Why, there's no end of books here, and all made out of six and twenty stupid little letters! Ah, its lucky that nature didn't make a *bigger alphabet*, or the world wouldn't hold all the rubbish people would have made out of them."

A LADY'S DIARY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—The following extract from the journal of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, before her marriage with Sir John Grey, is taken from an ancient manuscript in Drummond Castle. It gives a curious picture of the great in former times. After Sir *G.* Grey's death, she became, in 1465, the Queen of Edward IV. On the accession of Henry VII., who had married her daughter, she was confined in the nunnery at Bermondsey, and died there, but was interred at Windsor:—

Monday, 9th March.—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows; Rachel, the other dairy maid, having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before) made a poultice for Rachel, and gave Robin a penny to get something comfortable from the apothecary's.

6 o'clock.—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and the beer a little of the stalest.—Memorandum: To talk to cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

7 o'clock.—Went to walk with the lady, my mother, into the court-yard. Fed twenty-five men and women; chided Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with some broken meat.

8 o'clock.—Went into the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy; caught Thump, the little pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles without saddle or bridle.

9 o'clock.—John Grey, a comely youth, but what is that to me? A virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little, stole a great many tender looks at me, and said: "Women could never be handsome, in his opinion, who were not good tempered." I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and he is the most disorderly serving-man in our family. John Grey likes white teeth; my teeth are of a pretty good color, I think; and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it, and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

11 o'clock.—Rose from the table, the company all desirous of walking in the fields; John Grey would lift me over the stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with great vehemence. I cannot say that I should have any objection to John Gray; he plays at prison bars as well as any country gentleman, and he never misses church on Sundays.

3 o'clock.—Poor Farmer Robinson's house burnt down by accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription for the benefit of the farmer, and gave no less than four pounds himself with this benevolent intent. Memorandum: Never saw him look so handsome as at that moment.

4 o'clock.—Went to prayers.

5 o'clock.—Fed the poultry.

7 o'clock.—Supper on the table; delayed in consequence of Farmer Robinson's misfortune. Memorandum: The goose pie too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags.

9 o'clock.—The company fast asleep. Late hours very disagreeable. Said my prayers a second time, John Grey distracting my thoughts too much the first time. Fell asleep and dreamed of John Grey.—*Mother's Magazine.*

☞ "So," said Mr. H——— (the celebrated colored minister of Vermont,) to a clerical friend, "you are writing a book."

"I am," was the somewhat self-complacent reply.

"Well, brother, you have just as good a right to make a book as those who know how."

THE ENGLISH AND THE FRENCH.

The French intellect is quick and active. It flashes its way into a subject with a rapidity of lightning, seizes upon remote conclusions with a sudden bound, and its deductions are almost intuitive. The English intellect is less rapid, but more persevering; less sudden, but more sure in its deductions. The quickness and mobility of the French enables them to find enjoyment in the multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act from immediate impressions, more than from recollection and meditation. They are, therefore, more social and communicative; more fond of society and places of amusement and resort. An Englishman is more reflective in his habits. He lives in the world of his own thoughts, and seems more self-existent and self-dependent. He loves the quiet of his own apartment, which, even abroad, he in a manner makes a little solitude around him, by his silence and reserve; he moves about shy and solitary, and, as it were, buttoned up, body and soul.

The French are great optimists; they seize upon every good as it flies, and revel in the passing pleasure. The Englishman is too apt to neglect the present good, in preparing against the possible evil. However adversities may lower, let the sun shine but for a moment, and forth sallies the mercurial Frenchman, in holiday dress and holiday spirits, gay as a butterfly, as though his sunshine was perpetual; but let the sun beam ever so brightly, so there be but a cloud in the horizon, the wary Englishman ventures forth distrustfully, with his umbrella in his hand.

The Frenchman has a wonderful faculty at turning small things to advantage. No one can be gay and luxurious on smaller means; no one requires less expense to be happy. He practices a kind of gilding in his style of living, and hammers out every guinea into gold leaf. The Englishman, on the contrary, is expensive in his enjoyments. He values everything, whether useful or ornamental, by what it costs. He has no satisfaction in show, unless it be solid and complete. Everything goes with him by the square foot. Whatever display he makes, the depth is sure to equal the surface.

The Frenchmen's habitation, like himself, is open, cheerful, bustling and noisy. He lives in a part of a great hotel, with wide portal, paved court, a spacious, dirty stone staircase, and a family on every floor. All is clatter and chatter; he is good-humored and talkative to his servants, sociable with his neighbors, and complaisant to all the world. Any one has access to himself and his apartments; his very bed-room is open to visitors, whatever may be its state of confusion; and all this not from any peculiarly hospitable feeling, but from communicative habit which predominates over his character.

The Englishman, on the contrary, ensconces himself in a snug brick mansion, which he has all to himself, locks the front door, puts broken glass bottles along his walls, and spring guns and man traps in his gardens, shrouds himself with trees and window curtains, exults in his quiet and privacy, and seems disposed to keep out noise, daylight and company. His house, like himself, has a reserved, inhospitable exterior, yet whoever gains admittance is apt to find a warm heart and a warm fireside within.

The French excel in wit, the English in good-humor; the French have gayer fancy, the English richer imagination. The former are full of sensibility, easily moved, and prone to sudden and great excitement; but their excitement is not durable.—The English are more phlegmatic, not so easily affected, but capable of being roused to great enthusiasm. The faults of these opposite temperaments are, that the vivacity of the French is apt to sparkle up and be frothy; the gravity of the English to settle down and grow muddy. When the two characters can be fixed in a medium, the French kept from effervescence, and the English from stagnation, both will be found excellent.

The contrast of character may also be noticed in the great concerns of the two nations. The ardent Frenchman is all for military renown; he fights for glory, that is to say, for success in arms; for, provided the national flag be victorious, he cares little about the expense, the injustice, or the inutility of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest Frenchman will revel on a triumphant bulletin; a great victory is meat and drink to him; and at the sight of a military sovereign bringing home captured cannon and standards, he throws us his greasy cap in the air and is ready to jump out of his shoes for joy.

John Bull, on the contrary, is a reasonable consiederate person. If he does wrong, it is in the most rational way imaginable. He fights because the good of the world requires it. He is a moral person, and fights his neighbor for the maintenance of peace, good order, and sound principles; he is a money-making personage, and fights for the prosperity of commerce and manufactures. Thus the two nations have been fighting time out of mind, for glory and good. The French in pursuit of glory, have had their capital twice taken; and Johnny, in pursuit of good, has run himself over head and ears in debt.—*Washington Irving.*

FISHING IN OLDEN TIME.—"Nor were Isaac Waltons unknown in the early ages. Thebes and Beni Hassan abound with representations of gentlemen engaged in fishing for their amusement; sometimes in running brooks, sometimes in ponds constructed within their own grounds. One angler appears seated in a chair, others are reclining on mats spread on the green turf, beneath a shady tree, wrapped, if we may judge from the expression of the countenance, in one of those delicious reveries described by Isaac as amongst the pleasing consequences of his favorite occupation. The rod was short, and of one piece; the line generally single, and furnished with a bronze book.

"Some keener sportsmen used the spear with two barbed points. Embarked in a boat of papyrus, they glided over the surface of the lake or the canal as gently as possible, so as to not disturb the fish lying beneath the broad leaves of the lotus. They plunged the instrument with one or both hands. Some appear to have used a spear, which they darted to a short distance, a line being fastened to it to prevent its being lost. This species of spear was occasionally furnished with feathers, like an arrow, to assist its flight. The end of the line was held in the hand, or wound upon a reel. It is a remarkable circumstance that the South Sea Islanders fish with winged spears nearly in the same manner.

The Egyptians had abundance of salt fish, which they cured much in the same way as we do. The body was laid open with a knife from the head to the tail, being divided as far as the back bone, salted, and exposed to the sun to dry. They had a rule somewhat analagous to our habit of eating salt fish on certain days in Lent. It was imposed upon them also by a religious ordinance, which enjoined that at a particular period of the year every person (the priests alone excepted) should eat a fried fish before the door of his house. The quantity of this cheap provision of Nature supplied by the Nile, and transferred from it during the annual inundation to the internal canals and lakes, was in those remote days, as it still is, immense."

POLITENESS ALWAYS MEETS WITH ITS REWARD. The following is from a French paper:—

"Sir, sir! you have dropped your paper!" cried a young man the other morning, to a person passing. "Sir, I'm very much obliged to you," said the other, turning round and picking up a large bundle. "Excuse me," continued he, "but have I not the honor of addressing *Mr. P——!*" "That is my name," said the young man, with some surprise. "Ay, I thought so. I was very lucky in meeting you. I am an officer of the tribunal of commerce, and am ordered to arrest you on a bill of exchange for one thousand five hundred francs. The paper which you were so kind as to tell me I dropped, was the summons against you."

POLITICAL NEWS.

MR. FILLMORE 'ACCEPTS'—Mr. Fillmore accepts the American nomination in a letter which occupies several columns of the American organ at Washington. In closing, he says:—

"Having the experience of past service in the administration of the Government, I may be permitted to refer to that as the exponent of the future, and to say that should the choice of the Convention be sanctioned by the people, I shall, with the same scrupulous regard to the rights of every section of the Union which then influenced my conduct, endeavor to perform every duty confided by the Constitution and laws to the Executive. As the proceedings of the Convention have worked a new era in the history of the country by bringing a new political organization into the approaching Presidential canvass, I take occasion to reaffirm my full confidence in the patriotic purposes of that organization, which I regard as springing out of a public necessity forced upon the country to a large extent by unfortunate sectional divisions and the dangerous tendency of those divisions towards disunion.

"It does, in my opinion, of all the political agencies now existing, is possessed of the power to silence this violent and disastrous agitation, and to restore harmony by its own example of moderation and forbearance.

"It has a claim, therefore, in my judgment, upon every earnest friend of the integrity of the Union. So estimating this party, both in its present position and future destiny, I freely accept its great leading principles as announced in the recent declaration of the National Council at Philadelphia, holding them just and liberal to every true interest of the country, and wisely adapted to the establishment and support of an enlightened, safe and effective American policy, and in full accord with the ideas and hopes of the Fathers of the Republic.

"I expect to sail shortly for America, and with the blessings of Divine Providence, hope soon to tread my native soil. My opportunity of comparing my own country and the condition of the people with those of Europe, has served to increase my admiration and love of our blessed land of liberty, and I shall return to it without even a desire to ever cross the Atlantic again."

MASSACHUSETTS.—On June 10th, at Boston, the American Anti-Fillmore Convention in the Sixth Congressional District, elected delegates to the National Convention, to meet in New York on the 12th inst. A large number of the leading Know-Nothings, who have been hitherto the supporters of Mr. Fillmore's nomination, were in attendance. Gen. Devereux, the leader of the American party in the House, acted as President. The opinions expressed were, that it was only by a union of all parties that the North could defeat the strong nomination of the Democratic party, and that the delegates sent by the Convention to New York should go with the understanding that they will support no candidate who repudiates a single principle of the Springfield Platform.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Republican State Convention at Concord, on June 10th, elected six delegates at large, and one from each Congressional District, to the Philadelphia Convention. Speeches were made by Ex-Gov. Kent of Maine, Gen. Nye, John P. Hale, and others. Resolutions were passed in favor of Col. Fremont, and instructing the delegates to vote for him.

On June 12th, the Legislature elected Samuel W. Berry Secretary of State, Wm. Berry State Treasurer, and Amos Hadley State Printer.

MAINE.—The Whig State Committee, of Maine, has issued a call for a State Convention, to be held in Bangor, on Tuesday, the 8th of July.

FROM WASHINGTON.—Dr. Stringfellow, of "Border Ruffian" notoriety, has reached Washington, and had an interview with President Pierce and several Senators, among whom were Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, and Judge Clay, of Alabama. Dr. S. gave the President a statement of what had occurred in the ill fated territory, and he strongly recommended the withdrawal of the United States troops. He says the reports from there are greatly exaggerated; that before he left the Free-State men, who were the principal agitators, were leaving in large numbers, and that peace and quiet would very soon be restored.

The official despatches received from Mr. Dallas are unimportant, and smack not of war. The outside news, however, has alarmed Mr. Marcy, who complains of the Administration dismissing Mr. Crampton over his head. He says he trembles for the consequences.

CURIOUS TWIST OF POLITICS.—The N. Y. Herald is out in strong terms for Col. Fremont, and opposes the Democratic party, of which it has so long been one of the most efficient supporters, as "demoralized by the nigger-drivers." It advocates the union of the whole opposition on Fremont, who, it says, is "not a nigger worshipper." On the other hand, W. B. Reed and Josiah Randall, of Philadelphia, old Whig leaders, are out for Buchanan. In turn, again, the *Buffalo* (N. Y.) *Republic* says that: "Although always acting with the Democratic organization, and ardently attached to it by a life-long association, we cannot support the nominees of the Cincinnati Convention upon the platform which that body has adopted." The Charleston Mercury—pro-slavery secession—endorses the nomination of Buchanan, while in mentioning it. Several old Whig papers in Virginia seem to be preparing to support Buchanan. While the Hon. Lot M. Morrill, of Augusta, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Maine, has given notice that he cannot support Buchanan and the Cincinnati Platform.

MR. BUCHANAN.—The Committee appointed by the Cincinnati Convention to notify Mr. Buchanan of his nomination, waited on him at Wheatland, Pa., on the 13th inst., and performed their duty. The company, consisting of about fifteen persons, the gentlemen of the Committee being General Ward, of Georgia, Gov. Brown, of Mississippi, Mr. Forsythe, of Missouri, Mr. Preston, of Ky., Mr. Hibbard, of New Hampshire, Mr. Manning, of South Carolina, and Gov. Lawrence, of Rhode Island; and the others Ex-Governor Porter, of Harrisburg, Hon. H. S. Magraw, State Treasurer, Col. J. W. Forney, of Philadelphia, Col. Wm. Rice, of the Pennsylvanian, Col. Wm. B. Forgney, J. S. Reynolds, Esq., and others, of Lancaster, then sat down to a sumptuous dinner prepared for the occasion, and the meeting was continued to a late hour.

RATIFICATION MEETINGS.—Large meetings have been held in Philadelphia, New York, and many other places, to endorse the nomination of Buchanan and Breckenridge—"the two B's," as the politicians already begin to call them. In this city and New York, Douglas was the principal speaker. He gave his strenuous support to Mr. Buchanan—referring to their past course to prove that Mr. Buchanan and himself had always occupied the same position on the slavery question. At the meeting in New York, John Van Buren appeared on the platform, and waved his hat lustily for Douglas. The New York Herald states that a telegraphic order was sent on from Washington, prohibiting "Prince John" from addressing the meeting.

CALIFORNIA.—The State Council of the Know-Nothing party met at Sacramento, on the 13th ult., with a good representation from all parts of the State. Resolutions were adopted removing all secrecy and the different degrees. Also endorsing the Nebraska Bill and the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.—This convention met in this city on Monday last. Henry C. Carey was called to the chair. The regular President afterwards chosen was Hon. J. Allison, of Beaver. Delegates at large to the National Convention were appointed.

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.—The steamer Daniel Webster arrived at New Orleans from San Juan on the 11th inst., with San Francisco dates to the 21st ult.

A most intense excitement has been occasioned at San Francisco by a man named Casey shooting the editor of the Bulletin in the street. This occurred on the 14th ult., when Casey was arrested and put in prison. On the 19th Mr. King died, and the whole city became a scene of excitement. The old Vigilance Committe called a meeting, and placards of an inflammatory nature were posted up, calling upon the citizens to take the law in their own hands.

On Saturday, the 18th, an organized force of 3,000 citizens, divided into divisions and companies, marched from the committee-rooms and took possession of the jail. They took from thence Casey and a gambler named Cora, the murderer of Colonel Richardson, and carried them to the committee-rooms, where they remained strongly guarded when the steamer sailed. Both the prisoners, it is supposed, would be hung. The whole city was draped in mourning for Mr. King's death. Casey was formerly an inmate of the Sing Sing Penitentiary, a statement to this effect in the Bulletin occasioned the difficulty. The Committee is fully organized throughout the State, and are said to have $175,000 contributed to carry these measures into effect. They have resolved to drive all the gamblers out of the State.

The proceedings of the Committee of Vigilance have been characterized by the most perfect order and propriety throughout the excitement. The Committee have plenty of arms and ammunition.

The steamer George Law, bound for New York, has nearly two millions in gold on board.

Dates from Nicaragua state that General Walker had removed his head quarters to Leon. Some sickness had occurred among the troops. All was quiet in Nicaragua.

It is rumored that a revolution broke out in Costa Rica during the invasion of Nicaragua by President Mora. The revolution is said to be headed by an influential family named Castro.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 169—Adults 56, and children 103.

HOW A SPIRIT CONSOLED A WIDOWER.—Mr. Lewis Jennings, formerly of Southold, L. I., some years since was separted from his wife, she having been removed to the inner life. For several days he was deeply dejected, and his friends were apprehensive that he might be insane. Mr. Jennings was profoundly impressed that he should soon have a personal interview with his deceased companion. One night, about three weeks after her departure for the Sunny Land—while in his room and in bed—he was conscious that the unpleasant excitement of his mind and nervous system was greatly subdued. A tranquil feeling seemed to pervade his whole being. He felt for the first time that he was prepared for the interview, when his wife suddenly appeared to him. Seating herself on the side of the bed she conversed with him freely respecting his situation, telling him not to allow his mind to dwell on their separation; that their earthly relations had been interrupted for wise purposes, and that, in this world, at least, she could no longer be to him a constant companion. In the course of the interview she referred him to a lady residing in Southold, whom he did not remember ever to have seen, and told him to marry her.

On the following morning Mr. Jennings found himself in a calm and agreeable state of mind. The gloom that had veiled his spirit had been totally dissipated, and he felt light hearted and cheerful. Subsequently he addressed the lady referred to, and without having seen her made proposals of marriage, which were promptly *rejected*. A few days after, while Jennings was conversing with his uncle, Mr. James Richmond, he remarked that he was still sure of securing his object; and then, with some reluctance, and with a feeling of unusual solemnity, he related the spiritual experience already described. Mr. Jennings married this same lady some eight or ten years since, and the union has been productive of much happiness.—*The Spiritual Telegraph, 7th.*

NUMBER OF SLAVEHOLDERS IN THE UNION.—The following shows the whole number of slaveholders in the Southern States, according to the last census; also the total white population in each State:

States.	Slaveholders in each.	White population.
Alabama	29,295	426,514
Arkansas	5,900	162,189
District of Columbia	1,477	37,943
Delaware	587	71,169
Florida	5,120	47,203
Georgia	38,456	521,572
Kentucky	38,385	761,413
Louisiana	20,670	255,491
Maryland	13,940	417,943
Mississippi	31,116	295,718
Missouri	10,183	592,004
North Carolina	28,503	553,028
South Carolina	25,510	274,563
Tennessee	33,674	756,836
Texas	7,747	154,034
Virginia	55,063	894,800
Total	347,525	6,222,415

Of the six millions of people, probably 1,250,000 are men over twenty years of age. Of the 347,525 slaveholders, we may suppose that at least three hundred thousand are men over twenty years—which would make the slaveholding class about one-fourth of the white population. The larger portion of the slaveholding class, however, own very few slaves.

From the Montreal Commercial Advertiser, June 10

GUN BOATS AND TACORS FOR CANADA.—The gun boat fleet is to be immediately fitted with masts and spars, and made ready for a voyage across the Atlantic under sail. Their destination is the Canadian lakes.

A large addition to the six regiments ordered to Canada was contemplated at the sailing of the last steamer, and the news of the dismissal of the British Minister to the United States, and the acknowledgment of Walker's government by the latter after a solemn assurance of its disavowal of the expedition, and desire to co-operate with England to put it down, will cause the British forces in Canada to be put on the war footing.

The plenipotentiaries who will most speedily and permanently settle all existing and probable causes of dispute with the United States are fleets, gunboats, and soldiers; and Lord Palmerston is just the man who understands the right way of bringing the American Government to reason.

A large number of heavy guns and mortars of the Crimea siege train, and the reserve ammunition from Balaklava, are ordered for shipment to Canada. The regiments on the way, and those under orders, bring with them all their wagons and camp equipage.

A MAN OF HEART.—There is some good in human nature after all, as witness the following generous proffer. A gentleman, who had served in the Mexican war, in Capt. Cassius M. Clay's company, hearing of that person's pecuniary misfortunes, addressed him the following letter:

"I am sorry to hear of your failure. One good turn deserves another. When I was naked, you clothed me; hungry, you fed me. Now, sir, if I can do anything to help you out, I am willing to do all I can. I have got some money and some friends; I will let you have all of the money I have got without any interest. I have five thousand dollars now, and you can get it if you want it; or I will go into business with you, &c.

"Your friend, C. B.

"D———, Iowa."

Whatever may be said of Captain Clay's political idiosyncracies, his generosity of heart and his manliness of deportment can never be called in question. No wonder that he inspired his soldiers with affection such as is breathed in the above letter.—*Kentucky Courier.*

THE ITCH.—M. Niemiakx, of Belgium, has devised a method of curing the itch in two hours, by means of a solution of sulphuret of calcium, prepared in the following manner: Take of flour of sulphur 3 ounces, quick lime 5 ounces, water 2 pints—boil them together, and when they have perfectly combined, allow the liquid to cool, and decant them into hermetically sealed bottles. Three and a half ounces is sufficient to effect a cure. The patient is first well rubbed all over with soft soap for half an hour, and placed in a bath of tepid water for another half hour. He is then rubbed over with the solution of sulphuret of calcium, which is allowed to dry on the skin for a quarter of an hour. The operation is completed by washing in the bath.

NEWS ITEMS.

STILTON CHEESE.—Died, on the 14th of May, Mrs. Pick, Withcote Lodge, Leicestershire, aged ninety-six. At this lodge, in early life, Mrs. Pick and her parents were the original makers of that far-famed delicacy, "Stilton Cheese." The secret of its make was for some time confined to the Pick family, who were under an engagement to sell all the cheese they could make to Mr. Cooper Thornhill, inkeeper, of Stilton; and being thus to be obtained of him, it received the name of "Stilton Cheese," when it would have been more properly named Withcote cheese, being first made in the small village of that name, on the eastern side of Leicestershire. Stilton cheese is now chiefly made in the neighboring villages. During the late war much of it was sent as presents to the Crimea.

SPIRITUALISM.—The Providence Journal, in an article on modern spiritualism, declares that its importance in the United States and Europe, exceeds that which any other philosophical or religious system of delusion, as some prefer to call it, ever reached in so brief a period as that which has elapsed since it first came into notice. No other sect issues so many papers and periodicals, and the number of believers in the United States is estimated at two million.

WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.—A correspondent of the Baltimore (Md.) Sun, writing from Lahore, British India, on the 7th February, says: "You are probably aware that the country of the fine rivers is infested by wild beasts and leopards, especially the first named, which are multiplied of late as to become a national nuisance. By a loose registry kept in the seven provinces of the Punjaub, it appears that the number of children that have been carried off by beasts amounts to 1,564, classified as follows: 1,106 by wolves, 324 by bears, and 125 by leopards, or cheetas."

A NEW PLAN FOR A RAILROAD.—Mr. A. P. Robinson, the well known railroad engineer, proposes an entirely original plan for the construction of the great Atlantic and Pacific railway. He proposes to lay four parallel rails, of the ordinary pattern and weight, forming two distinct tracks, each of a guage of 2½ to 3 feet, and having an intermediate space of 5 to 6 feet. He would lay these tracks upon distinct and separate sleepers, having a ditch or trench between them, but so connected as to preserve a uniform guage. The car body would rest upon four trucks, and be sustained by a single bearing at the centre of each. The locomotives would be constructed double, with two distinct sets of driving wheels, and two cylinders on each side, leaving room between for a boiler of five feet in diameter. The axles of the driving wheels not extending across the space occupied by the boiler, the drivers may be of any size.

A LIFE SAVED.—Some days since, as the passenger train was backing up from Montpelier Junction, a child was discovered standing upon the track. Conductor Hobart and J. Marsh (of Northfield) immediately tried the brake with all their strength. The train could not be stopped—the child stood unmoved—it must die! Mr. Marsh placed himself on the lowest step, and, as the train advanced, swung around his foot and swept the child from the track, saved! Mr. Marsh informs us that up to that moment he thought of nothing but the child; afterward, and for days, he was hardly himself, and even in his sleep he saw the child, and would awake in terror, so severe was the shock to him.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN SPAIN.—There are said to be, now, not less than ten editors of the Madrid papers in the prison of the Saladero, besides others undergoing condemnation in fortresses.

ANCIENT TOILET ARTICLES FOUND.—A lady's dressing box has lately been dug up at Cumæ, Italy, containing a bronze mirror, two flasks of gold, elegantly worked in filagree, a gold ring, a box of bone, in which vermillion for painting the cheeks was kept, two hair pins of bone, a comb, and several other trinkets of uncertain use—all showing that the ancient Roman woman was essentially like the woman of to day.

ENGLAND A REPUBLIC.—An exchange says that "by an act of Parliament passed May 21, 1649, England was declared a Republic, and that the act remains unrepealed upon the statute book of England to this day.

STEAMBOAT BURNED.—The steamboat City of Newark, while on her passage last week from Newark to New York, having on board one hundred passengers and a large quantity of freight, took fire, and was burned to the water's edge. All the passengers were rescued by other steamboats, without injury.

EXTRAORDINARY MORTALITY.—Cattle and horses are said to be dying by hundreds on the American bottom in Illinois, either from some virulent disease which has become epidemic, or from some poisonous herbs growing there. The symptoms in all cases have been similar.

THE LAW IN REGARD TO PEW OWNERS.—The Massachusetts Legislature, at its last session, passed an act making pews in all houses of public worship personal property—the act not to effect any existing right of dower in any pew. In this city it has been decided recently that the property in a pew is an incorporeal hereditament, which passes to the heir at law, and not the personal representative.

Car-building in France is making rapid strides towards perfection. On the Orleans Railway people can now go to bed—fairly undress, and have as good a night's rest as they could under a four-poster. For this the traveller pays the price of two seats.

All the leading men of the Free State party in Kansas, were recently Democrats, as, for example, Robinson, Reeder, Delahey, Lane, Robertson, Dietzler. Many of the prominent men of the Republican party were, but a few years ago, of the same faith, as, for instance, Fremont, Blair, Bissell, Trumbull, Chase, Wilmot, Grow, Hickman, Preston King, etc.

DOUBLE MISFORTUNE.—In New York, recently, a young gentleman was driving his $2,500 horse into town, when the noble animal faltered and fell dead. While standing over his dying, "gallant bay" the gentleman had his watch stolen, and his pocket picked of $385. Misfortunes, like vultures, come in flocks.

Late heavy rains at Jamaica have washed up an instrument of torture made of iron hoops with screws, and so constructed as to fit the largest or smallest person; attached to it are manacles for the hands. The inside of the knee-bars and the resting-place for the soles of the feet are studded with spikes. When found, the perfect skeleton of a negress was enclosed in the instrument.

The Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, has been purchased by a Madame Polack, the widow of a wealthy banker of the Hebrew persuasion at Konigsburg, in Prussia. This lady intends to beautify the place, and improve the whole neighborhood at her sole expense. The first thing she did was to plant the whole area with a grove of olive trees, and thus restore it to the original state from which it derives its name.

THE IRISH IN SOUTH AMERICA.—In South America—particularly in Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso—there have been for several generations, thousands of Irish. In the former city the Irish population is computed at six thousand. The war of independence, all through the Spanish American colonies, disclosed in brilliant light many an Irish name. Francis Burdett O'Connor, a brother of the late Feargus O'Connor, resides in the Republic of Bolivia, where he owns extensive salt mines, and where he has greatly distinguished himself, both in the field and cabinet. Besides holding the rank of General, he has also been twice Secretary of war of the Republic.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Scarlet fever has been prevailing at Shippegan and Caraquet, to such an extent that within ten weeks over two hundred and fifty children had died of it.

The Persia made the quickest passage on record between England and America on her last trip to Europe, having performed it in 9 days 8 hours and 40 minutes.

Private letters from high commercial and financial authorities in London and Liverpool, received by the Arabia, speak with a feeling of much apprehension as to the result of the difficulties between the United States and England. Some of these letters give assurance that Ministers in refusing to recall Crampton and the Consuls, will be sustained by Parliament and the country.

MORMON DEPREDATIONS.—Two hundred and four inhabitants of the counties of Mackinaw, Chippewa, Delta, Emmett and Sheboygan, in the northern part of Michigan, have addressed a communication to Governor Bingham, representing the suffering to which they have been subjected by reason of Mormon depredations, and praying some relief from the nefarious conduct of their troublesome neighbors.

The trial of George Wilson, the negro charged with the murder of Capt. Palmer, of the schooner Eudora Lnogene, was concluded recently in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, at Whiteplains. The Jury came into Court with a verdict of guilty, and Judge Strong immediately sentenced the convict to be hanged on the 25th of July next.

MURDER.—On the night of the 2nd inst., Mr. Thomas Terry, of Beaverdam, Goochland county, Va., hearing some thieves at his hog-pen, went out to protect his property, when the rascals fled, and he pursued them. After running a short distance they turned upon Mr. Terry and brutally murdered him.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.—On the 28th inst., which will be the anniversary of this battle, the soldiers of 1812, in Monmouth county, N. J., intend celebrating it by a parade and pic-nic on the battle-ground.

THE LONDON TIMES AND MR. BUCHANAN.—The London Times publishes an article in which it supposes that Mr. Buchanan is opposed to arbitration of the Central American difficulties, because

"A convenient little international quarrel, upon which American politicians have been depending for strengthening their party position at home, would be too immediately over."

A recent discussion having taken place in Sacramento City, California, upon the principles of the Republican party, at the conclusion of the debate a resolution was passed, with only one dissenting voice, "That the people of this (Sacramento) city have been outraged by the discussion of treasonable doctrines by a public felon, and that we will not submit to such outrages in future."

Lieutenant Governor Koerner, the Illinois Democrat who recently bolted the Democratic nominations, arrived in Chicago last week and was honored by the Germans and others with a torchlight procession and serenade, in which the German singing clubs participated. Lieut. Governor Koerner made a speech endorsing the Republican State ticket. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

In consequence of Mr. Everett's remarks relative to the attack upon Mr. Sumner, the outrages in Kansas, &c., introduced as a preface to his address on the character of Washington, the Richmond Enquirer declares that "Mr. Everett is unfit to speak in the name of the ladies of Virginia," and trusts that "the managers of the Mount Vernon enterprise will dispense with his services."

Dr. Shaw, of Texas, has found sweet oil, drunk freely, a successful antidote to strychnine in two cases. The oil is to be poured down without any reference to the patient's vomiting. Prof. Rochester has reported two cases of poisoning by this terrible drug, successfully treated by a free use of camphor internally, and mustard poultices outside.

A monastery is to be erected in Alleghany, Cattaraugus county, New York, by the Franciscan monks, who were refused permission to erect it in Pennsylvania.

☞ The funniest parody of "Hiawatha," that has yet appeared, is that entitled "Milkanwatha." Here's a sip of it—

"Just as to a big umbrella,
In the handle, when it's raining,
So a wife is, to her husband;
Though the handle do support it,
'Tis the top keeps all the rain off;
Though the top gets all the wetting,
'Tis the handle bears the burden;
So the top is good for nothing,
If there isn't any handle,
And the case holds, vice versa."

☞ A census-taker once called upon the mother of a family in California, or some other prolific country, and asked how many children she had. The mother replied that she really could not tell, but there was this of which she was certain, "the measles got among the children once, but there wasn't enough of it to go round."

ONE DAY, as Rags, whose cup with poverty was dashed,
Lay eang to bed while his one shirt was washed,
The dame appeared, and holding it to view;
Said, "If 'tis washed again 'twill wash in two!"
"Indeed!" cried Rags, "then wash it, pray, good cousin,
And wash it, if you can, into a dozen!"

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

There were only 300 head of Beef Cattle offered at the scales. The supply was by no means equal to the demand, and in consequence prices improved some 50c ₱ 100 lbs. The entire lot offered was taken by Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $12 75@13 75 on the hoof, equal to $7 50@11 per, and averaging $13 25 gross. A very fine lot of 100 head was driven through for Philadelphia.

Hogs—Hogs are dull. We quote them at $7@7,25 per 100 lbs. These figures are a slight decline on last week's rates.

Sheep—Sheep are rather more active. We quote them at $3,50@5 ₱ 100 lbs. gross. A very good lot was sold to go North, at a higher figure.

AUX CAYES.—Dates received from Hayti to the 26th ult., confirm the previous reports of an insurrection at Aux Cayes. The Government had, however, succeeded in putting down the movement.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
June 16th, 1856.

The market generally remains without any particular alteration under the advices from abroad, the business, as is usually the case at this season of the year has been dull and neglected. The Dry Goods trade sympathises with other branches, and the Spring business being entirely over sales are confined to the wants of the retailers and city dealers who are buying to keep up their assortments only. The Fall trade, however, promises well, and prices of Cotton and Woollen Goods are well supported and firm with moderate stocks in first hands. Boots and Shoes are also positive without change in value. In Breadstuffs, Flour and Wheat are bringing rather better prices, but Corn is lower. Coal is in moderate request for shipment, without change in quotations. The Iron market remains dull and prices rule somewhat in favor of the buyer. For Cotton the demand is more active, and sales to a fair extent have been made to spinners and speculators at a slight advance. Groceries continue in request, and Sugar has been selling freely at improved rates. Molasses and Coffee are also firmer, with little or no stock of the former to operate in. Provisions meet with a steady demand, and prices of Bacon and Pork, Meals and Lard rule upward tendency. Hides remain dull. Naval Stores and Oils are very quiet. Plaster is lower. Rice continues firm. Seeds—Little or nothing doing. Wool is about stationary, with moderate receipts and sales—and Whiskey has further declined. In other articles there are no important changes to note.

ASHES—Sticks are in light and the makets firm; with a small business to note.

BARK continues in good request and scarce, with sales of about 150 casks on arrival, at $23 for 1st No 1 Quercitron. Of Tanners' Bark sales have also been made to some extent, mostly at $18@18 for Spanish Oak. Chestnut Oak is quoted at $10@13 ₱ cord.

BEEF—Sales are generally held at 27@28 for good yellow, which is above the views of buyers, and there is little or nothing doing.

COAL.—The demand for shipment is moderate for the season, but prices remain without alteration. For home use there is rather more doing without change in quotations. Allegheny Coal comes in slowly, and commands 2@3c ₱ bushel.

The Anthracite received from the Lehigh and Schuylkill regions during the past week are a trifle less than those of last week, but are still very large. The following is a summary:

	This Week.	Season.
Lehigh Canal	46,240	246,328
Schuylkill Canal	39,324	327,181
Reading Railroad	43,527	896,229
Total	139,341	1,470,338
Last week	126,066	1,333,793

The receipts from the Schuylkill region are only about 140,000 tons (equal to ten days' work) behind those of this date last year. There can be little doubt that the deficiency will soon be made up.

CANDLES—Sperm continues scarce and high, and sales are making in lots from store at 46@49c. Adamantine are also in steady request, with sales at from 22 to 23c, mostly at 23@23c for David Thane's make, as to quality. Tallow Candles remain dull.

COFFEE is held more firmly—the receipts are very light, but the demand is confined to the wants of the trade at rather better prices. Sales in all reach about 400 bags, principally Rio, including lots to go West, within the range of 9½@11¼c, and Laguayra at 11½c, on the usual terms.

COTTON—The market continues inactive, but there is a stronger feeling to notice on the part of holders, and prices are fully 1c better than at the close of last week. The demand, however, has been mostly confined to small lots, sales in all reaching about 1200 bales, principally Uplands, within the range of 9@12¼, cash and time. The bulk of the sales were at 11½@c, part taken on speculation.

DRUGS AND DYES—The market is without any particular alteration, and a limited business to note. The only sales we have to advise of are to the extent of 150 tons Soda Ash, on terms not public.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour opened with a better feeling, and holders have realized an advance of 12½@25c ₱ bbl on the closing rates of last week, some 5,000 bbls having been disposed of for export at $5,87½@6 for standard and good straight brands, mostly at the lower figure, at which rate the market closes firm, but quiet, the inquiry being chiefly for better brands. Included in the sales were selected brands at $6,25@6,37½ at $6,50@6,62½, and extra family flour at $7; 1,000 bbls Brandywine also sold at the latter rate, and middlings at $3,50@3,62½. For home consumption prices range as above for common to choice brands and extra, and $7,50@8,50 for fancy lots with moderate sales. Rye Flour continues dull, with small sales, in all about 500 bbls, at $5,50—but this price is nearly nominal. Corn Meal continues steady, and about 2,500 bbls have been taken for shipment at $3,50 for Pennsylvania, and $3,75 for Brandywine. The inspections for the week are 16,815 bbls Flour, 2,230 bbls Corn Meal, and 441 bbls Rye Flour.

FEATHERS—The receipts and sales are light, and the market stationary at 60@60c for Western.

FISH remain dull. Some few small sales of Mackerel are reported at low figures, owing to the irregularity of the inspection, 3's being in some instances branded as 2's, and 2's 1's, and sold accordingly. Otherwise there is no change in the market. Shore prices range at $12@12 for medium 1's, $9 for 2's and $6 ₱ bbl for 3's, with a moderate business to note for the season. Large Fish are scarce. In Herring and dry Cod there is little or nothing doing.

FRUIT—Stocks of all kinds are very much reduced, and there is very little doing. Some small sales of Sicily are reported at from $1,90@1,50 for Oranges, and $2@2,50 ₱ box for Lemons, according to condition. Further sales of Foreign Apples have also been made at from $6@12 the 100, the latter for good lots.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been moderate, and prime lots are scarce and in request at about 50 ad cance on last week's rates; sales include some 45,000 bushels at 125@130 for Reds, and 12,000 for White of inferior and prime quality. The bulk of the sales were of fair White, which are very dull. Rye continues in demand, with sales to the extent of 20,000 bushels Pennsylvania and Western at 72@73c, mostly at the former rates. Corn is lower, the demand has been less active, and only about 50,000 bushels have found buyers, mostly for shipment, at 83@85c for good Southern, and 48@50c for Pennsylvania Yellow, afloat, including lots not prime at 84@c ₱ bushel. Oats are quiet and steady, with sales of 20,000 bushels at 37@38c for Southern and Pennsylvania.

GUANO—There is a fair business doing for the season in both Peruvian and Columbian, at the established rates.

GINSENG—There is very little arriving or selling, and crude is worth 38@39c ₱ lb.

HEMP—The stock is light and the market remains quiet, without any particular alteration to notice in quotations.

HIDES—There is very little movement in the market, and prices are nominally unchanged. The only sale made public is 700 Hendoras at 17½@17¾c, usual terms. An import of about 5,400 Laguayra has just arrived.

HOPS—Remain dull, with a limited business doing in the way of sales at 7@8c, the latter for 1st sort Western.

IRON—The market rules dull, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers, and the week's transactions made public only reach about 1,000 tons, in lots at nearly steady rates. We quote Anthracite No. 1 at $27@28, No. 2 at 23@24, and No. 3 at $22@25, six months. Included in the transactions were some 300 tons Cold Blast Iron, of particular brands, on terms not public. In South Pig the transactions are mostly in a small way, without change in prices. Bar and Boiler Iron move off slowly at quotations.

LEAD—The only sales we hear of are 200 pigs Virginia at equal to $6,70 the 100 lbs, cash, and an import of German to arrive, on terms not public.

LEATHER—The stock continues light and the market active, without change in quotations, the demand being still far in advance of the supply.

LUMBER—Trade is moderate for the season with a fair business to note in White Pine Boards at $15 for Lehigh, and $14@15 for Susquehanna; Yellow Sap Boards sell slowly at $13@14. The stock of Hemlock is closing out at $7@7,50 mostly at $7,25. Laths have been selling to some extent in all save cash cargoes have been taken at $1,37½@1,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—Is scarce and wanted at an advance on previous sales, but the want of stock has limited operations to a few small lots of Cuba, at 32½@33c, the latter for prime.

NAVAL STORES Are quiet with further small sales of Spirits of Turpentine at 39@40c, cash and time. In Rosin, Pitch and Tar there is very little movement, and prices remain unchanged.

OILS—There is little or nothing doing in Fish Oils, but quotations are without change. Lard Oil continues firm at 85@86c; Linseed sells as wanted at 81@82 cts. Red Oil is scarce and wanted at full rates.

PLASTER—Is unsettled and lower, and sales are reported at $2,½ ₱ ton.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and sales continue light, but the market generally is firm and prices have an upward tendency. The stock of Pork is very much reduced and a small business only to notice in Mess at $18@18½; Mess Beef is steady at $13@14 for city packed. Of Bacon some 600 casks have changed hands in lots at retail for common and fancy Hams, 9@c for Sides, and 8@8c for Shoulders. Green Meats continue to request with further sales of 450 casks at 9½@c for Hams, 9@c for Sides, and 7½ for Shoulders, mostly 60 days. Lard is scarce and a fair business doing in bbls and barrels at 11 cts. Lime. Kegs is held at 12½@12½. Butter moves off slowly at 14@15c for new Western. Cheese dull with a small business to note at 7@8c ₱ lb.

RICE—The market remains firm, with further sales of about 400 casks to note, mostly at 4½@5c, usual terms.

SALT—Is without alteration; 1,400 sacks Ashton's fine, and 12,000 sacks Liverpool Ground, just in, were sold previously, on terms not public; 2,500 sacks of fine have also arrived to a dealer.

SEEDS—There is little or nothing doing in Clover or Timothy Seed, the former scarce, and if here would command 6½@6,75 ₱ bus, a small sale was made at our highest figure; the latter is quoted at $1,25@1,50. Of Flaxseed some small sales have been made at 150@155c ₱ bushel.

SPIRITS—There is no change in Foreign, with a limited business to note in the way of sales. N E Rum is firm at 30@c, as to quality. Whiskey is moving off more freely at 25@26c for bbls, and 25@26c for hhds, which is a further decline.

SUGARS—The market has been somewhat excited during the past week, and prices, at the close, are fully 1@c better. Sales in all reach over 2,000 hhds, including Cuba, New Orleans, and Porto Rico, within the range of 7@8c, on the usual terms.

TALLOW—Is selling rather more freely at 10½c for City Rendered.

TEAS—Remain quiet, with a small business to note at 37½@ rates.

TOBACCO—There is very little doing in the way of sales, with a light stock of Leaf to operate in, and prices show no change.

WINES—Sell as wanted by the trade, at full prices.

WOOL—The demand is fair, at about previous quotations; there is very little of the new clip as yet coming into market, owing to the high rates now current in the West; sales in all reach about 120,000 lbs, mostly mixed lots, within the range of 35@55c, on the usual terms.

NEW YORK MARKET.

FLOUR, &c.—Our market opened heavy for the low grades of State and Western Flour under the published accounts by the Arabia, and to effect sales, holders submitted to a decline of 10c ₱ bbl, but at the close there is less pressure to sell. The private advices by this steamer are not unfavorable. The sales are 13,000 bbls at $4,90@5,40 for common to good State; $5,35@5,70 for superfine Iowa and Indiana; $5,50@5,80 for common to good superfine Ohio; $5,80@6,25 for common to fair extra Ohio; and 6,25@7 for fair to very good extra Ohio, and $6,60@10 for St. Louis brands.

Canadian Flour is rather lower, and is quiet—the arrivals are fair of good brands—the sales are 300 bbls at $5,5 @6,20 for superfine; $6,40@7,20 for extra. Southern Flour is without important change; the arrivals are not large; sales of 800 bbls at $6@6,75 for ordinary to good superfine Baltimore, &c.; $6,60@6,25 for fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is without change; small sales at $3@4,60. Corn Meals quiet at $3,95@ for Jersey.

GRAIN—Wheat is freely offered and prices are lower, especially for common sorts, and medium to fair; the demand is unusually active at the decline, for export. Sales of 32,000 bushels mixed White Western at $1,34@1,37; 3,500 bushels fair Red Wisconsin, (club,) at $1,30, and 30,000 bushels inferior to prime White Canadian at $1,34@1,35. Barley is buoyant, and is in brisk demand at improving prices. Sales of 18,500 bushels at 90@93c, for Western and Northern—now held higher. Oats are plenty and dull at 50@52c for Southern and 52@56c for Ohio. Corn is in fair demand, with a buoyant market for good sound shipping lots, but ordinary is heavy. Sales of 88,000 bushels at 82@86c for unsound, 85@87c for mixed, 88@87c for Southern and Jersey Yellow, and 90@95c for Southern White.

SUGARS have again been active, at a further advance of ¼c. An sale of Manilla, as given below, shows for improvement on last week of full a cent, principally in sound to fair grades, the highest price paid since 1857. The sales are 5,000 bags Manilla, to arrive, at 8@; 1,400 hhds chiefly Cuba, at 7@8¼c, chiefly at 7½c, including 700 hhds at 7½@; 425 hhds at 8@c, in bond, and 300 Porto Rico at 7½@c. Sales, besides, of 120 boxes Havana, at 7@8½c.

MOLASSES continues buoyant, but has ruled quiet to-day. The sales are not important.

COFFEE—There is considerable inquiry, but the business has been but moderate, chiefly owing to the advancing tendency in prices. The stock of Rio is 49,000 bags; sales of 400 bags Rio at 10@11c; 300 mats Java at 14@15c; and 200 Laguayra at 11c.

WHISKEY—The supply is larger, and buyers hold off; prices are a shade lower; sales of 250 bbls Ohio and Prime at 27@28½c, closing at the inside figure.

PROVISIONS—There is a considerable inquiry in our Pork market continues, and prices are again better, with a brisk demand and limited arrivals for the season. The sales are 1,500 bbls at $19,25 for Mess; $18,50 for prime Mess, and $16,25@16,50 for prime, closing buoyantly. Beef is firm and in good request for the local trade; sales of 300 bbls at $7@8 for

FROM KANSAS.

Reign of Terror in Kansas—Gov. Shannon's Proclamation—Field Fighting—Two more Free State Towns Sacked—Inroads of Missourians—Incidents of the Civil War, &c.

CHICAGO, June 13.—Persons from Kansas city report that a collision between Whitfield's men and the U. S. troops is imminent. The former is reported to have threatened to hang Col. Sumner for ordering them to leave the Territory.

[From the Missouri Democrat.]

We saw yesterday evening, a gentleman just from the scene of disturbance in Kansas. He represents the state of the country as truly deplorable. Nowhere was life or property safe, and robberies and assassinations were of daily occurrence. The Free State men in the interior were starving, all access to the river being cut off by armed bands stationed along all the avenues of travel. Their cattle and provisions had been carried off in large quantities by emigrants from Georgia and Alabama, who demanded them at the point of the bayonet. On Monday evening last a Methodist preacher suddenly disappeared in the neighborhood of Westport, under circumstances which led to the conclusion that fatal violence had been used. He had been taken prisoner by some Pro-Slavery men, but nothing appearing against him, he was discharged from custody. Leaving the town, he was followed by a party of men, who, on their return, reported that he "had got into the river at a place too deep for him to cross." The impression was that he had been hung.

[From the Kansas Herald Extra (Border Ruffian) of 3d.]

We learn from reliable authority, that a dispatch was received at Fort Leavenworth, Sunday, stating that a Pro-Slavery man came into the camp of Capt. Newby, on Friday evening, informed him that he had been driven from his house. A non-commissioned officer and two soldiers were dispatched to inquire into the matter. Upon riding up to the house, they were fired upon, one soldier was shot, supposed to be mortally wounded, and two horses were killed. Capt. Newby and twelve men then went to the house, and found one man in it—the balance all fled—he was arrested.

The occurrence related above took place within six miles of Lawrence.

Col. Sumner, with two companies, has gone to the scene of disturbance.

FRANKLIN PIERCE TO COL. E. V. SUMNER.

Marshal I. B. Donelson furnished us with the following dispatch, which we publish at his request:

Copy of telegraph despatch to Col. Sumner

WASHINGTON CITY, May 23, '56.

To Col. E. V. Sumner, Fort Leavenworth:

I have just sent by telegraph, to Gov. Shannon, a dispatch, of which the following is a copy:

"Since my telegraph of this morning was sent, the Secretary of War has said before me Col. Sumner's letter to you of the 12th inst. This suggestion strikes me as wise and prudent, and I hope that before this reaches you decisive measures will have been taken to have the process in the hands of the Marshal quietly executed.

"My knowledge of facts is imperfect, but with the force of Col. Sumner at hand, I perceive no occasion for the posse, armed or unarmed, which the Marshal is said to have assembled at Lecompton. The instructions issued to yourself and Col. Sumner, during your last visit to this city, must be efficiently executed. Sufficient power was committed to you, and you must use it.

"Obedience to the laws and consequent security of the citizens of Kansas, are primary objects. You must repress lawless violence in the Territory in whatever form it may manifest itself.

(Signed) FRANKLIN PIERCE.

"E. V. Sumner, Col. 1st Cavalry."

Gov. Shannon issued a proclamation on the 4th, in which he commands the illegal military organizations to disperse, or they will be dispersed by the United States troops. He calls for vigilance in executing the laws and protecting persons and property without distinction of party. He adds that the proclamation of the President of the 11th of February will be strictly enforced. A requisition had been served on Col. Sumner for a sufficient force to ensure obedience to the proclamation. Gov. Shannon's proclamation has produced no effect whatever.

News from Lecompton to the 4th inst., states that a party of Pro-Slavery men, including a son of Gov. Shannon, made a night attack upon the house of Captain Walker, five miles from Lecompton, but were fired upon and repulsed. Young Shannon was taken prisoner, but released the next day.

Gov. Shannon took a company of dragoons and searched the houses of the Free State men for two days, taking arms and ammunition wherever found.

It is reported that a general rendezvous of Pro-Slavery men has been established at Bull Creek, who, under command of Capt. Whitfield, contemplated a new attack on Lawrence. They expect to concentrate there about 600 men, armed with U. S. muskets. The Free State men have resolved to settle the matter with the bayonet. Plans are said to have been formed for a night attack.

A FIELD FIGHT IN KANSAS.—LAWRENCE, Thursday, June 5, 1856.—An open field battle took place at Palmyra on the afternoon of Monday, the 2d inst. It lasted nearly three hours. The parties were nearly equal. The pro-slavery men were a roving band under Capt. H. C. Pate, correspondent of the Missouri Republican. Five pro-slavery men were wounded, three mortally. The pro-slavery men surrendered, with twenty-five horses and mules, arms, ammunition, two drums, and a large quantity of articles stolen at the sacking of Lawrence.

The United States troops knew of the battle, but did not interfere.

The Free State settlers clustered to Palmyra, and one hundred got there after the battle was over.

The troops went down next day to disperse the Free State men and release the prisoners.

Another attack was made on Franklin, where the Missourians had assembled in force, with a cannon and ammunition. Only one of their companies got there, and they were short about fifteen men. After twenty minutes the small party retreated. No particulars.

Civil war exists here. The troops are here in force, but have done nothing yet but help Governor Shannon to Sharp's rifles.

Judge Lecompte has failed to go to Lecompton to examine the prisoners on their plea for bail.

The St. Louis Democrat has a letter from Lawrence dated the 6th inst. and.

Mr. Upton, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Investigating Committee, had been taken prisoner by Buford's men and detained for a day.

Whitfield's command of three hundred men, near Prairie city, had been ordered to disperse by Colonel Sumner. They did so, but re-formed, and a strong company of United States troops were watching them, and preparing to intercept their movements.

The Independence correspondent of the Republican says that the Missourians will not endure the presence of the Investigating Committee much longer, and that their forbearance had almost ceased to be a virtue.

[Special Despatch to the New York Daily Times.]

ST. LOUIS, Thursday, June 12.—Osawatomie, a Free State town, was sacked by a Georgia mob on the 8th inst. The printing office was destroyed, houses burned, sixteen horses were stolen, and the jewels were taken from ladies' ears and fingers. Palmyra has also been sacked, and robberies occur daily.

ST. LOUIS, Thursday, June 12.—Messrs. Howard and Sherman, of the Congressional Investigating Committee, arrived from Kansas to-day. They are at Barnum's Hotel. Mr. Oliver stopped at Richmond. The Committee were at Westport, Missouri, eight days. While there large parties of armed men from different parts of Missouri marched through in guerrilla parties into the Territory, and were engaged in robbing, killing and driving out the settlers.

Gov. Shannon testified there before the Committee. As he entered the town from the Territory, a company of sixty armed Missourians were marched into the Territory from Westport. Gov. Shannon went to Kansas City with the Committee, and while there saw without comment a party of Clay county men cross the river and proceed into the Territory, led and well armed.

The Committee have been quiet, but very searching in their investigation. They go to Detroit to remain for several days. The testimony given is said clearly to prove that of the five thousand five hundred votes given at the Legislative election in March, 1855, only eleven hundred were cast by actual residents, and of these the names of but eight hundred appear in the census report.

The Territory is now convulsed with civil war, to sustain laws based on this election.

Col. Sumner is out with United States troops to preserve order. He dispersed several hundred men under Gen. Whitehead, but they re-assembled on the 6th instant, and sacked the town of Osawatomie.

The Free State men are organizing for self defence. Gov. Shannon has gone to Fort Leavenworth. It is rumored that Gen. Harney has been appointed to succeed Col. Sumner—the latter not being hard enough upon the Free State men.

The correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes the following:

A few days previous to the sacking of Lawrence, two young ladies were violated by a gang of "law and order" ruffians, on a claim five miles North-West of the city.

During the sack, Mr. James P. Legate, of this city, was in Mr. Babcock's store when Dr. Stringfellow and other "law abiding" persons entered it.

Stringfellow said, "Boys, can't we get some good cigars here?"

He went behind the counter and put a box under each arm.

"Well, boys," he said, as he took them away, "I guess this is as good plunder as I want."

The other men who came in with him carried off goods.

HORSES STOLEN.—Two hundred horses at least have been stolen from Free State men, within twenty miles of Lawrence, since Mr. Marshal Donaldson issued his illegal proclamation. A party of the Free State men have organized and left Lawrence, and swear they will not return to the city until these horses, or an equal number, are again in possession of their owners.

They say that they will seize the horse of every man within twenty miles of Lawrence, who is known to have given aid and comfort to the thieves. As soon as the number is made up, they will immediately disband.

DISUNION FLAGS AND ACTS.—A white flag with a blood red star in the centre—the ensign of the Southern Disunionists—was hoisted on the top of the Free State Hotel before the cannonading commenced.

Sheriff Jones himself planted a red flag on the roof of the Herald of Freedom office.

An American flag floated from a staff at the Fort, erected last summer, near the Kansas River. The "legally organized" militia hauled it down, and tore it into ribbons!

During the cannonnading, a rumor spread rapidly that United States troops were on the opposite side of the river, preparing to cross over. An officer rode up to Sheriff Jones and spoke to him.

On retiring, he shouted—

"Boys! quick! A hundred of you run down to the river and secure the ferry boats! If the troops try to cross, fire at them, and keep them back!"

A crowd instantly ran to execute the orders. The ferry boats were secured. The rumor was false.

PARTICULARS OF THE FIGHT AT OSSAWATOMIE—FIVE PRO-SLAVERY MEN KILLED.—Horrible stories are told in Missouri of the murder of five Pro-Slavery men at Ossawatomie. It is said that their throats were cut and their corpses mangled and chopped into inches. Of course the Free State Party, as a party—every Northern man and every Southern man, with Northern principles—in the Territory, is accused by the organs of the Ruffians with this imaginary and revolting atrocity.

It is stated that their houses were entered at midnight, and the victims of this outrage murdered in their beds. I remained a day at Prairie City, in order to find out the truth of this report. I sent a messenger to Ossawatomie to investigate the circumstances. The facts, of course, refute the Missouri version of the affair. Five men were killed. There is no doubt of that fact. Their names are William Sherman, better known as "Dutch Henry," a father and two sons, named Doyle, and Mr. Wilkinson, a member of the House of Representatives of the bogus Kansas Legislature. They were shot by a party of Free State boys—at least I infer so, from the cause of their summary execution. These men have bullied and threatened the lives of the Northern squatters in that section ever since the invasion of November last. Doyle and his sons have been particularly active in harassing and assaulting the Free State men.

On the day on which these men were killed, a flag, inscribed, "*Head-quarters of the Pro-Slavery Army*," was hoisted over Sherman's store. A Free State man went in and inquired the price of powder. The man told him he charged ten cents a pound to Pro-Slavery men, but as he was a d—d nigger thief, he would have to pay twenty-five cents. Some angry words passed between the parties. Wilkinson then seized on the squatter, and told him that as he refused to acknowledge the Territorial laws as valid enactments, they would give him a lesson to teach him what his principles would lead to. They said he ought to have been hanged long ago; and now, as they had him in their power, by G—d they would give him his due. They kept him confined an hour or two. After dusk they took him out, went down with him to the woods, put a rope around his neck, and an end of it over the limb of a tree, and were preparing to hoist him up.

"*Fire!*"

The report of five rifles was heard simultaneously with this unexpected command. Five corpses—the bodies of the Doyles, Sherman and Wilkinson, were seen stretched on the grass as soon as the smoke cleared away.

"*Fly!*" cried the same voice who had given the order to fire.

The man whose life was so mysteriously and unexpectedly saved, as soon as he removed the rope from his neck, went into the woods and shouted for his friends.

But they had disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as they came.

This act will be made the excuse for arresting every man in that section of the State, who has made himself obnoxious, or is likely to be a leader in defending the lives and property of Northern men.

Speech of a Southerner to Free-State Prisoners.

The following characteristic speech was delivered at East Douglas, on the 26th of May, by Major Hubert, to a party of eight Free-State prisoners illegally detained by the South Carolinians. Major Hubert is the leader of one of the companies which assisted in the plunder of Lawrence:

Gentlemen—The cause of our being here to-day is of a peculiar character. The condition of things at this time, and things that have been said and done, you are better acquainted with than I am.

I have been here but a short time. What you know are facts, what I know is hearsay, but my information is such that it becomes a fact.

I now want to give you a piece of advice.

You are in a state of rebellion. You have been aiding designing men in carrying out their points, which has brought this Union almost or quite to a state of dissolution.

You have been offering resistance to the laws enacted by the Territorial Legislature, which was no doubt a legal one. The President has declared it legal; Congress has declared it legal, and resistance to these laws is—Treason.

What did you come here for? Why did you not go to Nebraska? It is as good a country as this. But, no. You must come *here*. You want the whole of the Territory *that belongs to the South*.

We are going to Lawrence to take their arms. We are going to take every d——d gun they have got.

Now my advice to you is this. Keep at your work here. Stay at home. Have nothing to do with elections or voting—*if you do you will be liable to be hung up to the first tree you come to.*

Every man has a right to his opinions, and a right to express them openly.

Do you think I would go into a Free-State Camp and say I was a Free-State man? No, by G—d! I should hope I had more respect for myself and country.

I told my people before I left home that I would see that this was made a Slave State, and by G—d it shall be done—peacefully, if it can be; *if not, by G—d, it shall be done at the point of the bowie knife.*

This Territory belongs to the South, and by G—d the South shall have it.

Is not this so, boys? (The orator turned round to his men, who yelled yes, of course.)

Gentlemen, he added to the Free-State men, you have offered no resistance, and I hope you will not. *If you do, you will be dealt with in a more summary manner.*

Gentlemen, you are dismissed.

This speech was delivered to a party of eight Free-State prisoners—illegally detained by the South Carolinians.

Gen. Lane is on his way back to Kansas with reinforcements—declaring his purpose to succor his constituents, or die with them.

ST. LOUIS, June 14.—A letter from Lawrence, dated the 8th inst., discredits the reported hanging of Robinson. Governor Robinson and Messrs. Brown, Smith, Deitzler and Jenkins are still confined at Lecompton, guarded by United States dragoons.

A battle is reported at Franklin, during which two pro-slavery men are said to have been killed. At Palmyra five pro-slavery men are said to have been killed, and several wounded. Three soldiers were also wounded. It is reported that the mails are searched at Franklin. The story of J. McBarnard being killed is now declared to be false.

AID TO KANSAS.—The Detroit (Michigan) Advertiser says the larger contributions in that city to make Kansas a free State, stands as follows:—Z. Chandler, $10,000; Eben B. Ward, $10,000; S. S. Barnard, $1,000; Charles Merrell, $1,000; Shubael Conant, $1,000.

In Boston, $10,000 in cash contributions have been collected, including $500 from Josiah Quincy, Jr. The Worcester Committee have collected $5,000. The people of Chelsea, Mass., have subscribed $700.

The Territory is now convulsed with civil war, to sustain laws based on this election.

CHEERS FOR GREELEY.—At the Democratic Ratification Meeting, held in Alleghany city, Pa., on Monday evening of last week, the mention of the name of Horace Greeley drew forth such a burst of applause from the crowd, that the speaker, who wished to be severe upon the editor of the Tribune, found it would be much better not to mention his name at all.

The German editors, issuing 70,000 papers weekly, met in Cincinnati (Ohio) on Monday week, and resolved to act with the Republicans, against the extension of slavery.

A RELIC OF THE OLDEN TIME.—On Sixth Street above Chestnut, an iron fronted structure occupies the site of what was once the entrance to the pit of the Chestnut Street Theatre. Along that passage many a now staid citizen has gone, in his young days, to see Wood, Jefferson and Warren. The building that at present occupies the spot is the rear portion of the splendid clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street.

GEN. TODLEBEN.—This brave soldier, who has rendered himself famous as engineer of the defences of Sebastopol, left St. Petersburg a short time since on a tour for the restoration of his health. Should he extend his journey thitherward, he would doubtless be surprised at the magnitude and elegance of the clothing establishment of Granville Stokes, No. 609 Chestnut Street, above Sixth.

SHAVING MADE EASY.—Wet your shaving-brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," rub the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only Fifty Cents.

FETRIDGE & Co., Proprietors, New York.

For sale by T. B. PETERSON, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. feb9-ewsim

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. je7-4f

TAR WATER, as combined with other simples, by Doctor Wistar in his celebrated Balsam of Wild Cherry, has a peculiar power over all diseases of the lungs. Many physicians have used it in their practice and generally with marked success.

CONSUMPTIVES READ THE FOLLOWING:

I have found your EXPECTORANT a valuable article in a very troublesome, persistent cough that I have had for many years, which depended on a disposition of the Bronchia to take a morbid action pending changes in the weather. It has been relieved by LESS THAN A SMALL BOTTLE. I opened the bottle for the benefit of an infant child, whose lungs were laboring under an engorgement of mucus—after premising an emetic at first, I have found the Expectorant sufficient ever since—a portion of the bottle cured my cough. I am now giving it to a relative who has a predisposition to ASTHMA, whose health is improving under its use. The improved weather no doubt a favorable influence—but I shall persevere in its use.

Signed D. LADDURDALE,

Wiesboro, Fairfield Dist., So. Ca.

JAYNE'S LIQUID HAIR DYE will instantaneously change the Hair from ANY OTHER COLOR to a BEAUTIFUL BLACK without injury to the skin.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 84 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. my17-4f

PUBLIC SPEAKERS, MINISTERS, AND PROFESSIONAL MEN, who are apt to suffer from the effects of Catarrh, (particularly at this season of the year,) and who have long desired to obtain some speedy and effective cure and preventive, in medical science, will not only get immediate relief, but effect a permanent cure of the worst forms of Catarrh, whether of recent or long standing, and in cases of impaired vision from habitual application, or over study, deafness, singing in the ears, inflamed eyes, &c., its services are invaluable. We refer to Dunn's Catarrh Snuff.

TO DRUGGISTS AND PHYSICIANS.—It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the *immense good* now being done by *Dr. A. E. Smith's "Electric Oil," N. E. corner of Eighth and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia.* It is important to place it in the hands *all medical men* as soon as may be, to save pain and suffering, in all cases of accident, &c. Nothing has ever done what this article is doing to same time.

Piles—Sure Wonderful Cure—Electric Oil.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1856.

Dr. Smith:—I was suffering intensely from Internal Piles; was given up by two physicians. I was advised to try A. E. Smith's Electric Oil, by injections. The first application relieved the pain, and after four applications I was entirely cured. Yours, gratefully, MRS MARY CUTTION,

271 Juniper St., two doors above South.

Dr. Smith's Electric Oil is making wonderful cures. Read! N. B.—Such cures as above have never been made by anything else, and I have published *hundreds* as well known cures.

Caution! Caution!!—Only Depot of the *genuine* "Electric Oil" is *N. E. Walnut and Eighth streets, Philadelphia.* T. W. Dyott & Sons, Wholesale Agents.

Physicians and others may address *Dr. A. E. Smith corner Walnut and Eighth streets, Philadelphia.*

Col. Wallace, the distinguished editor of the "Sun," says, Saturday: "Dr. Smith is a gentleman of great energy of character, and has devoted much time to the study of Hygiene, by which he has perfected several valuable preparations; of these his 'Electric Oil' alone is sold in quantities of $1,000 at a time, to the best dealers in the Union." Also: "We have tasted nothing more delicious than Dr. Smith's sparkling Soda Water and Exhilarating Beverages, drawn from silver fountains, and, so cool that they would pass for importations by Dr. Kane, fresh from the Artic regions of perpetual icebergs, sparkling auroras and appetising atmospheres." "Such an energetic man, having located himself on *Walnut and Eighth streets*, must soon increase the value of property in that locality, and add to its attractions as a business position."—*Sun.* 1t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by John G. Wilson, T. D. M., Mr. GEORGE WEATMANS, to Miss MERCY WHITE, both of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Thomas C. Murphy, Mr. JAMES M. WAGNER, to Miss PAMELA ALTEMUS, both of Frankford.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Henry Day, Mr. CHARLES KLINE, to Miss JANE MAGINNIS, both of this city.

On the 3th instant, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. HENRY P. WARNER, to Miss EMILY T. ARENTZEN, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. G. J. Sheppard, Mr. THOMAS P. RHODES, to Miss MARY THERESA, daughter of Wm. M. Souder, Esq. both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. ALEXANDER YOUNG, of Unionville, Pa. to Miss AMELIA P. MAGNER, of Douglasville, Pa.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JAMES HOWS, Jr. to Miss CAROLINE HARRISON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Richard Lewis, Mr. JOHN HALL, to Miss JANNET NORCROSS, both of Collegeville, Philadelphia.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Ripley, Mr. ISAAC WINSLOW, of Fall River, Mass. to Miss GRACE B. HAIRD, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Daniel Gadon, Mr. JOHN MCCAIN, to Miss ANNA MCELWEE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. G. Dixon Bowen, Mr. LOMAX CROPPER, to Miss LIZZIE BOYLE, both of this city.

On the 22d of April, by the Rev. D. McGill, Mr. THOMAS SMITH, of Havre de Grace, to Miss ELIZABETH MOORE, of Philadelphia.

In Baltimore, on the 3d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Webster, GEORGE H. LE HURAY, of New York, formerly of Philadelphia, to LOUISA, daughter of S. H. Bowly, Esq. of Baltimore.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Clarke Loudon, Mr. ROBERT MCCLURE, to Miss ADNES MOON, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. JOSEPH E. LANE, Jr. to Miss MARY A. W. KAVANAUGH, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, at Rosenburg, Manayunk, by the Rev. B. Wistar Morris, GEORGE H. BLY, of Rochester, New York, to AMELIA, daughter of Joseph Ripka, Esq.

At Pawlings Village, N. Y. on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Peirce, Mr. ANDREW MCCLURE, of Chicago, Ill. to Miss MARY C. CORNY, of Granston, R. I.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. T. Stork, Mr. AUGUSTUS RUHL, to Miss SALLIE STARK, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. W. U. Bacon, Mr. JOSEPH H. LENTZ, to Miss ANN ELIZA, daughter of Mr. Jacob Slater, all of Rising Sun, Philadelphia.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Clarke Loudon, Mr. JAMES C. SHIDON, Esq. to Miss ELIZA M. BROWN, both of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d of March last, Mrs. ELEANOR CRAWFORD, at the house of her son, Col. Wm. Crawford, in Bates county, Mo., aged about 90 years. New York papers please copy.

On the 10th instant, MARY L. BUNTING, aged 20 years.

In Camden, on the 9th instant, MATHEW DOWLING, aged 39 years.

On the 9th instant, JOSEPH H. CORNWALL, aged 44 years.

On the 11th instant, ELIZABETH WHITE, aged 3 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ESTHER YOUNG, aged 20 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. ANGELINE GREGG.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MARGARET, wife of Andrew Smith, aged 31 years.

On the 10th instant, Miss SARAH G. OLD, aged 23 years.

On the 10th instant, ELIZA, daughter of Armstrong and Ann Sapp, aged 4 years and 9 months.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH MALBERNAN, aged 70.

On the 11th instant, JOSEPH L. son of Ellen and the late Jas. Rebron, aged 4 years.

On the 9th instant, JOHN M. son of A. B. and E. C. Walters, aged 4 years and 7 months.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. MARY JANE, wife of Thos. Lloyd, aged 60 years.

On the 8th instant, SUSANNA ROBINSON, aged 70 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. ANN CONRAD, aged 84 years.

On the 8th instant, Mr. JOSEPH H. BARRETT, aged 25 years.

On the 6th instant, Mr. JOEL C. HILDS, aged 61 years.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM H. son of Wm. M. and Mary Cline, aged 3 years.

On the 10th instant, Mr. JOHN HAYS, aged 66 years.

On the 10th instant, HENRY DOUDERAUX, aged 21 years.

On the 8th instant, JOHN V. son of James and Elizabeth McDowell, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 9th instant, HESTER ANN, daughter of John and Miriam Adams, aged 4 years.

On the 6th instant, HENRY M. son of Henderson and Sarah Jones, aged 19 years.

On the 5th instant, WINFIELD WALLER, aged 2 years.

On the 8th instant, EUGENE IRVIN, son of Saml. H. and Isabella Bush, aged 8 years and 6 months.

On the 8th instant, MARY MCKNOW, aged 4 years.

On the 8th instant, SOPHIA ANN, wife of James R. Elliott, aged 24 years.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM P. DRAIS, aged 32 years.

On the 8th instant, SARAH M. daughter of the late Nathaniel and Mary Leaming, aged 23 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. CHARLOTTE, wife of Samuel Sykes, aged 51 years.

On the 6th instant, REBECCA, wife of Robert Haly, aged 32.

On the 7th instant, Mr. JAMES M. PITMAN, aged 41 years.

On the 7th instant, MARY, daughter of James and Hannah Henry, aged 18 years.

On the 7th instant, MARY A. daughter of George H. Cox, aged 1 years and 2 months.

On the 7th instant, HARRY C. son of Wm. and Louisa Lasty, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. JANE EDWARDS, aged 71 years.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM JOHN, son of John and Sarah Harbison, aged 2 years.

On the 7th instant, Miss MARIA E. MOORE, aged 37 years.

At Frankford, on the 7th instant, WILLIAM HUGHS, Sr. aged 58 years.

On the 7th instant, JOHN HUCKEL, son of Henry L. and Emmeline Friedline, aged 2 years and 2 months.

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THE STORY OF MOLLY SWETT.

In the town of Granville, there lived a shrewd and eccentric woman by the name of Molly Swett. Through some financial mishap, in her old age, she was reduced to poverty, and thenceforward was known to the citizens of the place by the appellation of "Old Moll Swett." Poor Moll was excessively fond of tea and snuff. After she became a town pauper, however, she was necessarily deprived of her accustomed luxuries, notwithstanding she was wont, at every monthly meeting of the Selectmen, to annoy these dignified officials with importunities for a continuance of what was so essential to her happiness. Upon one occasion, having been denied, as usual, she still seemed unwilling to go, and one of the number asked her if she wanted anything more.

"No," she replied, "unless they would like to have her relate a dream which she had had the night before."

Thinking that something "rich" might be coming, they gave her permission to proceed.

"Last night," said she, "I dreamed that I was dead, and found myself standing in the middle of a large plain. Upon a high hill, at a great distance, I beheld a magnificent palace, and turning my footsteps thitherward, I travelled and travelled, until tired and foot-sore, I reached the gate. I knocked, and the gate was opened by an angel, clad in robes of light—the most beautiful object that I ever gazed upon. In gentle, kindly tones, she bade me good-day, and asked me what I wanted. I replied that I wished to enter.

"'Where did you come from?' asked the angel.

"'From Granville, Massachusetts,' was my answer.

"She shook her head, sadly, saying—

"'We have no Granville people here!'

"'Where must I go, then?'

"She pointed down towards a dark and hideous-looking building, with iron doors and grated windows, at the bottom of the hill, and told me that I could find a resting-place there.

"I turned, and though scarcely able to drag one weary foot after another, at length arrived before the *huge iron door* of this forbidding mansion. It answered to my feeble knock, by turning harshly upon its rusty hinges, and a furious-looking demon, with fire flashing from his mouth, and smoke issuing from his nostrils, demanded, in thunder tones, what I wanted. I told him that I wished a shelter and a home.

"'Where did you come from?' he asked.

"'Granville,' said I.

"'Granville, Massachusetts?' said he.

"'Yes,' I replied.

"The demon shook his head.

"'Can't take you in,' said he; 'all full of Granville people now.'

"In a voice broken and tremulous with despair, I asked—

"'Where, then, can I go?'

"'Back to Granville!'

"And then, the big tears gathering in my eyes, I *cried!*"—*Portfolio.*

PLAYING THE HIND LEGS OF A CAMEL.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post tells the following funny story:—

The man that plays the hind legs of the camel at the Folies Nouvelles Theatre, is just now the most talked of individual in Paris!

The circus has its elephants which stand on their heads, and gesticulate with their trunks, and gambol in various massive ways; and there are wild beast shows without number throughout the city. So the Folies Nouvelles, always up to the mark, caused to be constructed an out-and-out dromedary, and it is exhibited nightly to crowds of delighted spectators. A spotted body, properly humped, and a well manufactured head, and propelled, as large as life, and three or four times as natural, by two men inside. Their legs only appear to the public as furnishing forth the animal's lower limbs, and nankeen pantaloons essentially assist the illusion. The camel is led in by a little fellow in flowing clothes and a turban, who puts him through his paces in a highly accomplished manner, and whirls him finally off to the inspiriting music of a polka, executed by the orchestra, the four legs keeping time in a correct measure. Just under the camel's head is a small window. Out of this window, while the show is going on and the points of the beast are being illustrated, suddenly issues the head of a man whose talents are developed in the hind legs. "*Mon Dieu,*" he says "what a role this is to put me into! The hind legs of a camel! Here, you keeper, you in a cotton hat, give me a pinch of snuff, or I shall smother! 'Twouldn't be so bad, if I had a decent man in the fore legs—but he's a *bête*, and stupid, and aint got no conversational powers, and smells disagreeably when he's warm! What a confounded piece, to be sure, and I suppose it will have a great run—just my luck! Keep me swinging this infernal tail for a fortnight!" And in goes his head, as suddenly as it came out, as the keeper drapes the hind parts of the camel, and the polka commences. This, with the explanations of the keeper, which are ridiculous beyond expression, keep up a perfect roar of laughter, but more consummate nonsense cannot be imagined.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATHS.—"This is a great discovery, to be sure," said Mrs. Partington, with animation, "when people that have experienced salvation through calumny and all sorts of pisconous gredience, can have it soaked out of 'em." We asked what she meant, and looked at her as she sat in meditation on the little low chair in the corner, revolving the idea, which pressed upon her brain like a weight of steam, two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. "Why," said she, smiling like the moon with reflection, "there is a contrivance for soaking a man who has taken calumpy and minerals all his lifetime, till his joints are stiff as wooden legs in the last war, and when he comes out of the bath and wipes himself with a hacmetic towel, he hasn't a single mineral in him—he is a perfect vegetable, as limber as an eel!" What a gratified look it was she gave, as an imaginary procession of cripples, the victims of calomel, passed before her mind's eye, like the spirits of Kossuth's countrymen, as she thought of their leaping all cured from the bath!—*Boston Gazette.*

FISHING FOR THE DEVIL.—We have heard a story of the Rev. Mr. Weems, of Dumfries, who published many patriotic books and peddled them through the country. On one occasion, he was at Warrenton, when Dr. M. asked him if he believed in dreams. Mr. W. evaded the question by a quotation from the Scriptures, but asked the doctor to relate his dream. The doctor said he dreamed that he was passing a large sheet of water, and saw a man fishing. He asked what he was fishing for. He answered, "I am fishing for the devil, but he won't bite." "What kind of bait do you use?" asked the doctor. "I have a doctor on the hook," said the fisherman. "Well," said the doctor, "I advised him to try a parson, and the devil bit at him directly." "There is nothing strange in that, doctor," said Mr. Weems, "for you know dog won't eat dog."

ENTICING.—A sailor, giving testimony in a Boston court, about an assault and battery, stated that Jack (the traverser) had powerfully *enticed* Sam, (the complainant). Jack's counsel asked him to explain what he meant by the word *entice*.

"What do I mean, sir?" said the honest tar—"Why, sir, I mean this—Jack took a big handspike and drove it plump into Sam's back—that's what I call *enticing*."

A GHOST IN NANKEEN BREECHES.—Murray was one night playing the "Ghost in Hamlet," at Covent Garden Theatre. As a considerable interval occurs before the apparition makes its reappearance, Murray threw off his ghostly gear at the conclusion of the first scene, and slipped over to some brother convives, who were enjoying themselves at the Garrick's Head. Here the minutes passed so pleasantly that Murray, on consulting his watch, found he had overstayed his time. He had barely time to return to the theatre, throw off his coat and waistcoat, don the upper portion of his ghostly attire, and caution the carpenters to wind him only half way up, when his cue was given; these latter, however, either mistaking his directions, or, for the joke's sake, wound the trap up to the level of the stage, exhibiting to the astonished audience the "Ghost of Hamlet's" father, accoutred in a helmet, cuirass, nankeen inexpressibles, and a pair of top-boots!—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

A CHORUS.—One of the "unco guid" lately waited upon a clergyman in this neighborhood, to take him to task for allowing the band in his church to conclude the service with a chorus. Having exhausted his eloquence in declaiming against bands in churches, and hired singers in general, he concluded by asking the minister to explain to him the meaning of the word chorus. "No, no, John; you should know better than I do, for you are a far more learned man," said his reverence. "Nane o' your taunts," quoth John, "gif ye canna explain it, I will. Sir, a chorus is just a phantom o' the fancy—a theatrical whimple—a musical buzza!"—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

Agricultural.

HORSE SHOES MUST BE BEVELLED ON THE GROUND SURFACE.—An iron shoe tacked on to a horse's foot, is one of the unavoidable evils of domestication, yet when properly applied is not so great an evil as some persons might suppose. One of the objects in applying the shoe, is, to preserve the natural concavity of the sole of the foot. A horse in his natural state, and indeed up to the period of his first introduction within the precincts of the "smithey," has, generally a concave sole: and wisely is it so ordained; were it otherwise, the animal would be unable to obtain secure foot-hold; as it is, the inferior edge of the hoof—that is the ground surface—projecting beyond the sole, may be compared to the point of a cat's claw or the nails of a man; they grasp, as it were, bodies with which they come in contact, and thus secure a point of resistance; which aids in advancing limb or body over a smooth surface. Now in order to preserve the natural mechanical functions of the horn and sole, the ground surface of the shoe must correspond to the ground surface of the foot: that is to say, the ground surface of the shoe must be bevelled, cup fashion; its outer edge, being prominent, takes the place of the hoof: its inner surface, being concave, corresponds to the natural concavity of the foot. It is a custom among some blacksmith's to reverse the above procedure, and place the concave surface next the foot; and often the ground surface appears to be more *convex* than concave. In justice, however, to that much-abused individual, the shoer, (who is not always at fault,) we remark, that often he is not allowed to use his own judgment, for, as some people believe, "anybody can *Doctor!* a horse;" so an equal number have an idea that they know all about *shoeing* him, and men will often stand over the smith, and direct him as to the form of shoe and manner of securing it to the foot.

Notwithstanding men's various opinions on the general art of shoeing horses, we think that all will sooner or later agree with us, that a bevelled, or cup-shaped, ground surface is the best. We care not what may be the form of the foot, whether it be high or low heeled, contracted at the heels, lengthened or shortened at the toe, or having concave or a convex sole: it is all the same. The ground surface must always be *concave*. In every other part of the shoe improvements and alterations are suggested and indeed required in consequence of the ever-varying form, and action of the horse's foot under the states of health and disease; but, on the inferior surface of the foot, we are presented with a pattern for the ground surface of a shoe, which no man can ever improve on, and if we were to follow that pattern more closely, there would be fewer accidents, in *falling*, and less lame horses.—*American Veterinary Journal.*

Cows.—The Farmers' Magazine says of a prime milch cow:

The head should be small, but rather long and narrow at the muzzle; the eye small, but quick and lively; the horns small, clear bended, and their roots at considerable distance from each other; neck long and slender, and tapering towards the head, with little loose skin hanging below, shoulders thin, hind quarters large and capacious; back straight, broad behind, and joints of the chine rather loose and open—carcase deep, and the pelvis capacious, and well over the hips, with fleshy buttocks; tail long and small; legs small and short, with firm joints; udder capacious, broad and square, stretching forward, and neither fleshy, low hung nor loose; hair soft and woolly; the head, bones, horns, and all parts of least value small, and the general figure compact and well proportioned.

This is such a picture as most would draw of a well-shaped cow, and *yet* who has ever seen one combining all these points? How many of them are necessary to constitute a deep milker? and do we not often find a deep milker who has very few of them? We believe many a cow is spoiled for the dairy by having been stunted and kept on too scanty food *when a calf*. Calves should receive as ample a supply accordingly, and as succulent and nutritious character of food, as a cow in milk. This enlarges and gives full size to the lacteal vessels, strength and vigor to the constitution, and we are confident materially aids to make the full grown cow what we want her to be.

Guenon's tests for a good cow, as shown by the escutcheon, we find are much and increasingly relied on by dairymen. Without being able to understand how they are connected, or what they have to do with the lacteal secretions, (and which may be like many other matters which we do not understand, but cannot help believing) there is abundant evidence that they generally accompany, and have been fully proved by thousands of farmers to be a sign of deep milking. From our own observations, we know of no tests so reliable, and would advise every dairyman to procure a copy of the work.

The value of a dairy cow does not depend entirely on the amount of her yield, but also on the time she will go dry.

CHARCOAL FOR SWINE.—It is not perhaps generally known that one of the best articles that can be given to swine, while in preparation for the tub, is common charcoal. The nutritive properties are so great that they have subsisted on it without other food for weeks together. Geese confined so as to deprive them of motion, and fattened on three grains of corn per day, and as much coal as they can devour, have become fattened in eight days. The hog eats voraciously, after a little time, and is never sick while he has a good supply. It should always be kept in the sty, and be fed to the *inmates* regularly like other food.

TO KILL INSECTS ON APPLE TREES.—The *Farmers' Encyclopedia* says: "Insects upon apple trees may be killed by clay and water made as thin as white-wash, and mixing with every six gallons of it two pounds of cream of tartar, one pound of soft soap, and half a peck of quick lime. When you think that the weather is likely to continue dry for some time, take a bucket-full of this mixture, and with a large brush wash over the bark of the trees, wherever you think it has been infected with the bug. Care must be taken to apply it in *dry* weather."

ANOTHER CURIOUS CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

Jones is a boarder, and is found late at night in his landlady's larder. Jones is entirely unconscious when awakened. Landlady gives notice that if his somnambulism becomes a settled habit, he will have to find other lodgings.

ECONOMY IN ANIMALS.—Will it pay to keep a cheap, poor horse, give him stable room, personal attention and feed, for doing half the work a valuable well built animal would perform? We think not. In the first place, a given number of pounds of hay, oats, corn, or other food, should produce a certain amount of muscle, bone and fat, and furnish respiratory material in abundance. In a diseased animal these materials are but partially appropriated, hence the amount of *force* due to the proper storing of the elements of food, and their subsequent liberation is greatly lessened, at the expense of the farmer. Again: the former is at great expense for buildings, and should therefore receive the largest possible amount of rent in the shape of services from the animals stalled therein. Furthermore: it requires more time to attend a crippled or diseased animal, than a strong healthy one. Lastly: you may be prepared to proceed with an important operation at a pressing season when delays are dangerous, and your poor, infirm beasts of burden will be found wanting in strength, and thus their whole value may be expended in a short time. Have you any weak, diseased animals or those worn out in service I care for them kindly, but if about to purchase new teams, observe the following rules:

1. Buy none but those best adapted to the kind of work you have to do.

2. Stable them in warm and well ventilated buildings.

3. Provide good, pure water, wholesome feed, and hay free from must, smut, or filth of any kind.

4. Keep them clean and frequently rubbed to prevent stiffening of joints. A good rubbing after a hard day's work is often better for a horse than four quarts of oats.

We are induced to make the above remarks from the fact, that all classes of teams have been offered for farm work, and we invariably find the able-bodied, full-sized, healthy animal at full price, far cheaper than one not thus qualified.—*Henry C. Vail, in Working Farmer.*

THE MONTH'S WORK.—As the season is backward much can be done towards having a full supply of vegetables, by the exercise of judicious forethought in the selections of such varieties of seed as arrive earliest at maturity. This action must, however, receive the aid of clean and careful culture. The weeds must be kept down—the enemies exterminated, and nourishment for the plants supplied bountifully and at all times when needed. Should the weather to come exhibit any of the peculiarities of the "heated term," it is advisable to apply this food in the liquid form.

Beets sown this month will ripen by winter. They will be found more tender and less stringy than those planted earlier. If there are vacancies in the rows already up transplant or deposit fresh seed.

The transplanting of cabbages, cauliflowers, tomatoes, etc., can now be performed quite readily. It will be found advantageous to dip their roots in mud as soon as they are moved—the moisture thus obtained enabling them to better withstand heat. The ground in which all vegetables are to be replanted, should receive a thorough stirring, provided, it is dry enough to pulverize freely through the agency of the spade.

Cucumber and melon vines need care and watering lest the buds foreclose, and these luxuries take the form of invisibility. At the close of the month the plants will need hoeing and thinning; if the ground is rich, three or four are sufficient for the hill.

Look over the orchards and destroy the worm nests—eradicate the grass and weeds that may be growing around the roots of young trees and your reward shall be "fruit in due season." Watchfulness is required until the fruit ripens.—*Rural New Yorker.*

PRUNING FRUIT TREES.—The best time for a general pruning is at the close of the first growth of the summer, which is from the 15th of June to the 15th of July. Then the leaves will take care of the flowing sap, and all small wounds may be closed by a coating of tar thickened with brick-dust, applied warm. Gum shellac is good, but is more liable to peal off than the tar mixture.

Never cut a limb for the sake of using your tools. The tops of apple trees do not require severe thinning in our hot summers. Nature understands the wants of the trees often much better than the gardener who has had his training under the dripping skies of England. The thick limbs and foliage are needed to protect the trunk, the larger branches and the fruit. You will find your fairest specimens in the top of the tree, and partially shielded from the sun's rays by leaves. Very small limbs, a half inch through, that cross each other, or that interfere with the symmetry of the top, may now be removed, but no general pruning should be attempted.—*Agriculturist.*

ANIMALS BECOME PARENTS TOO EARLY.—Victor Gilbert never allowed ewes to have lambs until they had passed their third year; and the bucks were not used until they had arrived at full maturity. He, as well as many other sagacious stock-raisers, that we might name, are probably conversant with the fact, that during the period of growth and development, up to maturity, the reproductive organs are dormant, while at the same time the nutritive function was wholly engaged in elaborating *chyle* and blood for the development of bone, muscle, and nerve; and that by calling into requisition the reproductive or generative organs, before the animal had attained full growth, must necessarily divert the elements of matter, intended for nutrition, from their legitimate channel, and direct them to the reproductive organs. This is precisely what takes place. A too early use of the purely animal function, induces weakness and stunted growth.—*Am. Vet. Journal.*

PEACH TREE BORER—TANSY.—We saw it stated, two years ago, in an agricultural journal, that these pests could be driven from peach trees by Tansy. We planted it at the roots of some ten or twelve peach trees, and not one of them have been disturbed, whilst others are injured badly. This spring we intend planting it around all.—*Newberry (S. C.) Sun.*

APPLICATION OF LIME IN CHESHIRE.—Is there a farmer present who can use lime with advantage? [Cries of "no."] Mr. Woolf says it is not worth the carriage, and Mr. Jackson too says the same. It quite proves to me that the gentlemen who have addressed us from other counties are not conversant with the soil or the peculiar character of our Cheshire farming. Lime is one of those things we must do without, because we have found by experience that it won't pay us. I could take them to two fields that I have treated in the same why; one-half of each field was beautiful, and the other was abominable, and the reason was that one-half had never seen lime, and that was much the better one. Wherever lime is put you must not put bones. If you do you cannot obtain any advantage.—MR. DUTTON, *at Chester, Cheshire county, England, quoted in Gardener's Chronicle.*

OIL YOUR HOE HANDLES, &c.—As the season has arrived in which farmers have all their implements in use, it may be well to remind them that the weather has a very destructive influence on wood. All implements *should* have been newly painted before taking out, after having been well housed during the winter. A simple dressing of linseed oil is of great saving, and such articles as rakes, hoes, &c., that are not commonly painted, should certainly be rubbed over with linseed oil. It will increase their durability, and give them a smoothness which no wear can impart without it. During the summer, I frequently take my rakes, (while in use) hoes, spades, and even axes, and oil the wood thoroughly, and I believe I lose nothing by so doing.—*Genesee Farmer.*

SALT YOUR COWS, AND YOU WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE IN CHURNING.—A small handful of salt given to cows twice a week seems to act as a preventive against many of the diseases incident to neat cattle. Besides, regular salting in small quantities, saves a great amount of labor at the churn—*a fact worth knowing* to those who have to toil an hour or more to bring a few pounds of butter, and perhaps then of an inferior quality.

Some heifers which, with their first calf, give but a small quantity of milk, will in two or three years become good cows.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

FOUL NOSES IN SHEEP.—Dip a small swab into tar, then roll in salt. Put some on the nose, and compel the sheep to swallow a small quantity.

AN EFFECTUAL METHOD OF REMOVING THE TASTE OF GARLIC, OR WILD ONION, FROM MILK.—When the milk is new from the cow, pour one quart of boiling water into every gallon of milk; stir it through, and put the whole into broad shallow dishes, so that it will not be above two inches deep. Let these dishes be placed on an open shelf, that the vapor may pass freely entirely away. When the milk has stood in this manner twelve hours, it may be put into a churn altogether, or only the cream, as may be most agreeable to the taste or practice of the operator. Milk from cows that have pastured on garlic, (or wild onion,) when managed in this way, will be quite sweet.

HORN-AIL—A REMEDY.—Last spring one of my cows had the horn-ail or distemper very bad, and I thought I should lose her in spite of all I could do. I tried the different remedies I could hear of, but without effect. At last I thought I would try something new, and took a small sack, filled it with common salt, and bound it between her horns, and then poured on sharp vinegar until it was perfectly wet. I wet it three or four times a day until she got well, which was in a very short time.—D. L. W., *Conquest, N. Y., in Rural American.*

HOW TO CHOOSE BEEF.—True well-fed beef may be known by the texture and color; the lean will exhibit an open grain of deep coral red, and the fat will appear of a healthy, oily smoothness, rather inclining to white than yellow; the suet firm and white. Yellow fat is a test of meat of an inferior quality. Heifer beef is but little inferior to ox beef; the lean is of a closer grain, the red paler, and the fat whiter. Cow beef may be detected by the same signs, save that the older the beast the texture of the meat will appear closer and the flesh coarser to the sight, as well as harder to the touch.

FOR NEURALGIC TROUBLES.—The application of towels, wrung out in hot water, to the forehead and temples, is represented to be an efficacious and speedy remedy for headaches arising from neuralgic affections.

FOR CROWS.—Seth Lee, of Connecticut, says he gets rid of the crows by the following easy method:—

"He takes a small piece of fresh meat, or meat that has been fresh recently, for the nearer it is to carrion the better, as crows are not very nice in these matters, punches it full of small holes, into each of which he puts a small quantity of strychnine, and hangs the meat in a tree near where the crows are known to frequent." Eleven died an ignominious death one morning.

HOW TO ROIL POTATOES.—In Ireland potatoes are boiled to perfection; the humblest peasant places his potatoes on his table better cooked than could half the cooks in London, trying their best. Potatoes should always be boiled in their "jackets;" peeling a potato before boiling is offering a premium for water to run through it, and making them waxy and unpalatable; they should be thoroughly washed and put into cold water. In Ireland they always nick a piece of the skin off before they place them in the pot; the water is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil; cold water should be added as soon as the water commences boiling, and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done, the skins will not then be broken or cracked until the potato is throughly done; pour the water off completely, and let the skins be thoroughly dry before peeling.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.—Here are some of the superstitions still practiced among the Malvern Hills, in Worcestershire, England. The following love-spells are in great repute:

Get a maiden-hen egg; carefully break it, and fill half the shell full of salt. Then eat the salt as you go to bed, *walking up stairs backward and backing* into bed also! Then keep silence, and you will dream of your lover. If he should (in the dream) offer a glass of water, he will be a poor man; if ale, a tradesman; but if a glass of wine, a gentleman.

This is called "The Dumb Cake." A cake must be made on New Year's Eve, and eaten in silence by a number of young girls. One of them must place a clean chemise, turned inside out, on a chair before the fire. This must be sprinkled with water by a branch of rosemary. All must then sit round the fire in silence, till the clock strikes twelve. If any of the party will be married during the ensuing year, the form of such foreshadowed husband will approach the fire and turn the chemise.

To ascertain whether a pretended lover is really sincere or not, the lorn damsel takes an apple-pip, and, naming one of her followers, puts the pip into the fire. If it make a noise in bursting from the heat, it is a proof of love; but if it is consumed without any crack, she is fully satisfied that there is no real regard for her in the person named. The charm is thus spoken as the pip is thrown into the fire:

"If you love me, bounce and fly,
If you hate me, lie and die."

The value of Fern seeds, as our readers will remember, is mentioned by Shakspeare, as enabling the gatherer to walk invisible, is fully estimated by the Worcestershire country people:—The saying is, that the fern blooms and seeds only *at twelve o'clock on Midsummer night;* and to catch the seed, twelve pewter plates must be taken. The wondrous seed, it is affirmed, will pass through eleven of the plates, and rest only upon the twelfth!

It may here be mentioned that it is usual at farm-houses, where bees are kept, to intimate the death of their master or mistress to them; and it is thought that if this be not done, the bees will infallibly perish. Soon after their owner is dead, a servant takes the key of the front door to the hives in the garden, and tapping with it on each hive, solemnly says, "Bees, bees, your master (or mistress) is dead." The hives are also adorned with black crape. Persons are ever ready with the relation of the death of bees the next season, that occurred where this ceremonial had been omitted or forgotten; and such alleged instances may be true enough. Bees, in a domesticated state, require attention; and if their owner has a fancy for bees, and looks after them, they soon learn to distinguish him with certainty, possibly by smell, and will allow "liberties" from him they would resent if offered by a stranger. I knew a lady at Powick, who could do almost anything with her bees, was fearless of them about her person, would stop them as they entered the line, and felt assured that they knew her as soon as she approached them. Now where bees have been thus watched day after day by their proprietor, and their comfort and safety cared for, it may likely enough happen that, this attention suddenly ceasing, the poor bees would waste away and perish, not because they were uninformed of the death of their owner, but because his death had deprived them of that amount of care and solicitude necessary to their well-doing. * * * * * * * But superstitions of this kind are kept in existence by old servants, and still are likely to continue, because an old custom, it is argued, can do no harm, and if omitted, something bad might possibly happen.

AN ENGLISH COUNTESS ASTRAY.—While Lord Ellenborough, the Ex-Governor General of India, is busily engaged in the House of Lords supporting the Tories, in the hope that he may become, in the event of Earl Derby supplanting Lord Palmerston, a Cabinet Minister, his wife, now separated from him some twenty years, is leading a wild life among the Arabs. A correspondent of the New York Observer, writing from Damascus, March 23, thus speaks of her:

You have heard of the eccentric English Countess who married an Arab Sheikh. Rumor said she was dead. Rumor, as usual, was false. I was in her villa this morning, just out of the gates of Damascus. She is at Palmyra with her husband, who is a pretty Arab, small in stature, and generally contemptible. Is it not a strange history? She was Ianthe, Countess of Ellenborough, young, beautiful, worshipped. Her only daughter was the affianced bride of a Prince of Austria. How do I know that she was beautiful? I will tell you. I saw her boudoir this morning, and one of its ornaments was her portrait at twenty years old. She was royally beautiful. Time and care have changed her, perhaps. Among her books I saw familiar volumes. One was "Daily Food," a well-worn copy, too. Another was entitled "Marriage, from a Christian Point of View," a French work. Her boudoir was splendidly ornamented, and had her portraits of her father, a fine-looking old English gentleman, and her children, one living now, the other dead, I believe. Her history is but half-known. Divorced from Lord Ellenborough for intrigues with a German Prince, she went to Greece, where she married a Greek Count. Tired of him, she went to Damascus, where, in a visit to Palmyra, she was protected from robbery by this fellow, whose name is Medjul. She determined to marry him. He objected, and ran away. She employed Arabs to bring him back. The English Consul interfered.—The Turkish Governor objected. She said she was worth £1,500 a-year, and all Turkey could not prevent her doing as she wished. So she followed Medjul into the desert, and was married to him in Turkish or Arab style. No one thinks it will be lasting. She keeps him supplied with money, has given him an elegant place near Damascus, and before long will travel away in search of new adventures. Her friends are desirous of keeping her as far away from England as possible, and it is a matter of surprise that they sent her elegant presents of money on hearing of this marriage, though they know it to be both illegal and immoral. I assure you that I found it almost impossible to believe that I was in the villa of one who had ruled in the splendid circle of St. James, who had been a special favorite of the Iron Duke, who had rivalled royalty itself in England, and who was now in an Arab tent, the wife of a dog of an Anazee. He is not even a respectable Sheikh of the tribe—he is merely a common Arab.

EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD AMERICAN PAPER.—One hundred and eight years ago there were only three papers published on the North American Continent; and from one of these, the Maryland Gazette, the following reminiscences have been recently taken:

"In the number of May 20, 1746, we are informed that, on Friday last, Hector Grant, James Horney, and Esther Anderson, white servants, were executed at Chester, Kent county, pursuant to their sentence for the murder of their late master. The men were *hanged*, and the women *burned*."

"On Saturday, May 28, 1746, two men of repute, fishing off Kent Island, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the weather clear and calm, they saw, to their great surprise, at a small distance, a man about five feet high, walking by them on the water, as if on dry ground. He crossed over from Kent Island to Talbot county, about the distance of four miles."

"On Friday, June 13, 1744, at a court holden for the county of Anne Arundel, three persons were arraigned for drinking the Pretender's health; and being found guilty, after a fair trial, they were fined £20 each, and obliged to give security for their good behaviour."

"On Tuesday, July 30, 1745, at Upper Marlborough, in Prince George's county, were great rejoicings on account of the reduction of Cape Breton; a handsome subscription being raised by the gentlemen of the said county for the purpose of furnishing the soldiers with provisions, clothing and other necessaries."

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 6, 15, 10, 26, 14, 8, 18, 9, 29, 16, 12, 36, were cannibals of Italy who roasted and ate the companions of Ulysses.
My 23, 15, 6, 6, 33, 18, 15, 7, was a goddess of valleys.
My 5, 15, 9, 13, 18, 2, was the goddess of funeral songs.
My 37, 2, 4, 11, 18, 35, was the eldest daughter of Coelum and Terra, the goddess of laws, oracles, &c.
My 29, 7, 6, 23, 36, was the goddess of shepherds.
My 30, 18, 23, 7, was the goddess of report, &c.
My 34, 7, 27, was the god of shepherds.
My 11, 7, 18, 18, was loved by Jupiter, and by him turned into a star to avoid Juno's rage.
My 2, 7, 17, 4, 36, was a title of Pluto.
My 31, 32, 7, 6, 18, 15, was the muse of comedy.
My 1, 3, 8, 21, 22, 8, was the god of dread and fear.
My 19, 16, 27, 7, 9, 24, 16, 30, 28, 15, was a goddess of mothers.
My whole, an event which occurred in 1856, is, in our opinion, of more importance than the birth of "that blessed baby."

CARMEW.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 4, 20, 18, 3, 6, was a celebrated Scotch theologian.
My 28, 21, 2, 29, 34, 16, was a noted English writer.
My 30, 22, 27, 19, 3, 32, 31, 23, was an English poet.
My 4, 33, 8, 11, 17, was an English poet.
My 8, 11, 24, 3, 19, 22, 24, 1, 23, was a celebrated English theologian.
My 3, 18, 12, 14, 10, 9, 16, was one of the early reformers.
My 26, 29, 10, 4, 5, 10, was an English naval commander.
My 1, 22, 3, 4, 10, 6, 13, was an English navigator.
My 19, 14, 4, 15, 21, 26, 7, was a French discoverer.
My 33, 15, 23, 23, 24, was an Italian poet.
My whole fought and bled for freedom's cause.

CISROS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 10, 3, 22, was an orator and statesman.
My 2, 5, 13, 12, is a town in China.
My 3, 9, 5, 13, 18, 13, is a river in the United States.
My 4, 11, 10, is a lake in North America.
My 5, 18, 2, 10, 22, is a country in Europe.
My 6, 17, 18, 13, is a preposition.
My 7, 9, 5, 13, 18, 13, is a county in Ohio.
My 8, 14, 22, was a colonel in the Mexican war.
My 9, 13, 14, 14, 16, 16, is an article very much used.
My 10, 3, 17, 18, was a general in the Mexican war.
My 11, 10, 10, 16, 17, was a colonel in the revolutionary war.
My 12, 2, 10, 18, is the name of a college in New England.
My 13, 11, 21, is the name of a certain tree.
My 14, 10, 22, 16, 18, 16, 16, is a county in Ohio.
My 15, 16, 17, 16, 6, 1, 21, 12, is one of the United States.
My 16, 22, 16, is what no person would part with.
My 17, 5, 10, 16, is a river in Africa.
My 18, 16, 2, is a very useful plant.
My 19, 17, 5, 13, 17, is a county in Ohio.
My 20, 10, 2, 12, is a county in Indiana.
My 21, 16, 13, 15, 8, 9, 15, is a town in Iowa.
My 22, 16, 10, 10, is a county in Arkansas.
My whole is the name of a firm and zealous advocate of human freedom.

P. DIETRICK.

Greenford, Ohio.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
Omit my 1, 2, 4, and I am what we all have had.
Omit my 2, 3, 4, and I am the name of a murderer.
Omit my 3, 5, 6, 7, and I become a domestic animal.
Omit my 4, 5, 6, 7, and I am worn on the head.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 5, and I am a metal.
My whole is an important and responsible person.

HARP.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deep in the ground my first is found;
My second is a trade most useful.
My whole is a poet who always wrote
Poetry most truthful.

ROUGH.

Middletown, N. Y.

ANAGRAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I'm often used in church—
A word of letters four;
Transposed—I *belong* to you,
But used by others more.
Transpose again—I am a thing
Belonging to a horse;—
Again—I am a Scripture name
You know it now of course.

CARMEW.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

At the foot of a sunflower I planted a bean,
Which started to grow on the tenth day of June;
Just three feet high the sunflower stood,
And two inches each day it reared its broad head;
The bean twined around it, and followed its way
At the rate of three inches four fifths in a day;
Now daily I saw them continue to grow,
At the pace above stated, and resolved I would know
Precisely the time that this contest should end,
And also the height that each had attained;
Then at the same height I noted the time,
And measured the sunflower its height to attain.
The day of the month you will tell if you know,
And also the height the sunflower did grow.

S. B. REDFIELD.

Oakland, Mich.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A May pole 60 feet 11 inches high, when the sun is in the meridian, will cast a shadow 88 feet 8 inches long. I would wish to know the breadth of a river running east and west within 30 feet 6 inches on the north side of the foot of a steeple 300 feet 8 inches, which, at the same time, throws the extremity of its shadow 30 feet 9 inches beyond the stream?

Rockridge, Tinicum. JOHN MAUGHAM.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a bow-legged man like a holiday down South? Ans.—Because you see the *knee grows out.* (negroes out.)

☞ What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Ans.—Quick.

☞ Why is a cranky old maid of fifty like a most beautiful, most accomplished, most elegant, and most admired young lady? Ans.—Because she is matchless.

☞ What is the difference between a popular spring dish and a man with the ague? Ans.—One is a baked shad and the other is shaked bad.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—"I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me Death." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Prairie Wolf. PHYSIOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Tecumseh, a brave Indian chief killed at the battle of the Thames. CHARADE.—(E Elect-I-On-Ion-Election-Ee-Ring) Electioneering. CHARADE.—(Doe-mess-tick) Domestic. PROBLEM.—60.4 miles. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—60 rods.

DOES THE MOON ROTATE?—In all works on astronomy, it is assumed and taught as a fact, that the moon revolves on its axis once in twenty-eight days. J. Symonds, an inspector of schools, in England, wrote a letter to the London Times, expressing his surprise that natural philosophers should have maintained such a dogma, and that it should be taught in all schools as a fact of science. If his conclusions were wrong, it would have been very easy for astronomers to have set him right, but not one of the eminent astronomers in England, have presented a single good and conclusive argument in favor of the moon rotating theory, while some have rather abused the inspector for questioning the old dogma. It is a positive fact, that a great deal of what is taught in schools is assumption, not fact. Assumptions by frequent uncontradicted repetition come to be regarded in the course of time, by students, as facts. This has been the experience of every man of an original mind, and it has thus been the means of clogging the wheels of science. As it relates to the common astronomical assumption, viz., that of the moon's rotation on her axis once in twenty-eight days, how can this be so when it continually presents the same face to the earth? If it has a rotation on its axis, it should present different phases. We perceive that Evan Hopkins, C. E., and David Musick, M. E., in the London Mining Journal, have sustained the views of Mr. Symonds in very able articles.—*Scientific American.*